

INDIA SEEN THROUGH
WESTERN EYES

**MAHARANA BHUPAL
COLLEGE,
UDAIPUR.**

Class No.....

Book No.....

INDIA SEEN THROUGH WESTERN EYES

PASSAGES IN PROSE AND VERSE
FOR SENIOR STUDENTS

EDITED BY

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PART I—DESCRIPTIVE

1. What Offering, India ?

What offering, India, can I make to thee,
What offering, mighty Mother of myriads, who
 hast accepted me, who hast taken me to be
 thy foster-child?

What offering, worthy of acceptance?

Take these songs of my heart, O Mother,
Take them because I love thy children.

Behold! Thy children have bound my heart with
 their love; they have been more to me than
 brothers; they have given me flower-garlands;
 yes, they have bound me with words of love.

And shall I not sing?

F. G. PEARCE

2. Travels in Madras (1825)

Our first view of the coast of Coromandel was of some low craggy hills near Pulicat, at some little distance inland. Madras itself is on a level beach, having these hills eight or ten miles to the north and the insulated rock of St. Thomas about the same distance southward. The buildings and fort, towards the sea, are handsome, though not large, and grievously deficient in shade; the view,

however, from the roads and on landing is very pretty.

The *masuli*-boats (which first word is merely a corruption of '*muchli*', fish) have been often described, and, except that they are sewed together with coconut twine, instead of being fastened with nails, they very much resemble the high deep charcoal-boats which are frequently seen on the Ganges. The catamarans, however, I found I had no idea of, till I saw them. They are each composed of three coco-tree logs, lashed together, and big enough to carry one, or, at most, two persons. In one of these a small sail is fixed, like those used in Ceylon, and the navigator steers with a little paddle; the float itself is almost entirely sunk in the water, so that the effect is very singular, of a sail sweeping along the surface with a man behind it, and apparently nothing to support them. Those which have no sail are consequently invisible, and the men have the appearance of treading water and performing evolutions with a racket. In very rough weather the men lash themselves to their little rafts, but in ordinary seas they seem, though frequently washed off, to regard such accidents as mere trifles, being naked all but a wax-cloth cap, in which they keep any letters they may have to convey to ships in the roads, and all swimming like fish. Their only danger is from sharks, which are said to abound. These cannot hurt them while on their floats, but woe be to them if they catch them while separated from that defence! Yet, even then, the case is not quite hopeless,

since the shark can only attack them from below; and a rapid dive, if not in very deep water, will sometimes save them. I have met an Englishman who thus escaped from a shark which had pursued him for some distance. He was cruelly wounded, and almost dashed to pieces on the rocky bottom against which the surf threw him; but the shark dared not follow, and a few strokes more placed him in safety.

The contrary wind which had so long delayed us ensured us a peaceable landing, as it blew directly off shore, and the surf was consequently much less than it often is or than I had heard it described. It was less than we had seen it in the shore of Ceylon, not merely at Galle, but at Barbareen, and on the beach near Colombo; still it would, I think, have staved the strongest ship's boat, but in boats adapted to the service it had nothing formidable.

The principal church in Madras, St. George's, is very beautiful, and the *chunam*, particularly, of the inside has an effect little less striking than the finest marble.

The other buildings of Madras offer nothing very remarkable; the houses all stand in large compounds, scattered over a very great extent of ground, though not quite so widely separated as at Bombay. There are not many upper-roomed houses among them, nor have I seen any of three storeys. The soil is, happily, so dry that people may safely live and sleep on the ground-floor. I do not think that in size of rooms they quite equal those either of Calcutta or Bombay; but they are

more elegant and, to my mind, pleasanter than the majority of either.

During my stay in Madras, I paid a visit to the Prince Azeem Khan, uncle and guardian to the Nawab of the Carnatic, who is an infant. All my clergy accompanied me in their gowns, and we were received with as much state as this little court could muster, but which need not be described, as it did not vary from that of other Mussulman princes, and reminded me very much of Dacca on a larger scale. I was chiefly struck with the great number of 'ulemah', learned men, or, at least, persons in the white dress of Mussulman ulemah, whom we found there.

While I was conversing, to the best of my power, with the prince, my chaplain was talking with some of these, who asked many curious questions about our clergy: whether all those whom they saw had come with me from Calcutta, whether our clergy could marry, whether I was married, and whether I was appointed to my office by the Company or the King. I rose visibly in their estimation by being told the latter, but they expressed their astonishment that I wore no beard, observing, with much truth, that our learned men lost much dignity and authority by the effeminate custom of shaving. They also asked if I was the head of all the English Church; and on being told I was the head in India, but that there was another clergyman in England superior to me, the question was then again asked, 'And does not he wear a beard?' Near the place where I sate a discussion arose, whether my office answered to any among the

Mussulmans and it was at length determined that I was, precisely, what they termed 'moostahid'. This was one of my last performances in Madras, where indeed, I was almost worn out, having preached eleven times in a little more than a fortnight, besides presiding at a large meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, visiting six schools, giving two large dinner parties, and receiving and paying visits innumerable.

My chaplain Mr. Robinson and I left Madras on the afternoon of Monday, the 13th, having sent on our baggage, horses, and servants on the preceding Saturday. We went in a carriage to the military station of St. Thomas' Mount, eight miles from Madras, intending, in our way, to visit the spot marked out by tradition as the place where the Apostle St. Thomas was martyred. Unfortunately the 'little mount', as this is called (being a small rocky knoll with a Roman Catholic Church on it close to Marmalong bridge in the suburb of Melapur), is so insignificant and so much nearer Madras than we had been given to understand, that it did not attract our attention till too late. That it is really the place, I see no good reason for doubting.

We travelled all night, a practice which I am not fond of, but which circumstances rendered desirable, and, exactly at day-break, reached the rocky beach below the seven pagodas, and where the surf, according to the Hindus, rolls and roars over 'the city of the great Bali'. One very old temple of Vishnu stands immediately on the brink, and amid the dash of the spray, and there are

really some small remains of architecture—among which a tall pillar, supposed by some to be a *lingam*, is conspicuous—which rise from amid the waves, and give a proof that, in this particular spot (as at Madras) the sea has encroached on the land, though in most other parts of the Coromandel coast it seems rather receding than advancing. There are also many rocks rising through the white breakers, which the fancy of the Brahmins points out as ruins; and the noise of the surf, the dark shadow of the remaining building, the narrow slip of dark smooth sand, the sky just reddening into dawn and lending its tints to the sea, together with the remarkable desolation of the surrounding scenery, were well calculated to make one remember with interest the description in Kehama, and to fancy that one saw the beautiful form of Kailyal in her white mantle pacing sadly along the shore, and watching till her father and lover should emerge from the breakers.

The case is otherwise with the real city of Maha-Bali-pur, whose ruins stand among the cliffs at the distance of a short half-mile inland. This has really been a place of considerable importance as a metropolis of the ancient kings of the race of Pandya, and its rocks which, in themselves, are pretty and picturesque, are carved out into porticos, temples, and bas-reliefs, on a much smaller scale, indeed, than Elephanta or Kanheri, but some of them very beautifully executed. They differ from those of the north and west of India (which are almost all dedicated to Shiva or Kali), in being in honour of Vishnu, whose different

avatars are repeated over and over in the various temples, while I only saw the solitary *lingam*, if it be one, which I have mentioned, in the sea, and one unfinished cave which struck me as intended for a temple of the destroying power.

Many of the bas-reliefs are of great spirit and beauty; there is one of an elephant with two young ones strikingly executed; and the general merit of the work is superior to that of Elephanta, though the size is extremely inferior. I had heard much of the lions which are introduced in different parts of the series, and the execution of which was said to be more remarkable because no lions are known to exist in the south of India. But I apprehend that the critics who have thus praised them have taken their idea of a lion from those noble animals which hang over inn-doors in England, and which, it must be owned, the lions of Maha-Bali-pur very remarkably resemble; they are, in fact, precisely such animals as an artist who had never seen one, would form from description.

Notwithstanding the supposed connection of these ruins with the great Bali, I only saw one bas-relief which has reference to his story, and which has considerable merit. It represents Bali seated on his throne, and apparently shrinking in terror at the moment when Vishnu, dismissing his disguise as a Brahmin dwarf under which he had asked 'the king of the three worlds' to grant him three paces of his kingdom, appears in his celestial and gigantic form, striding from earth to heaven, and 'wielding all weapons in his countless hands', over the head of the unfortunate Raja, who, giant

as he himself is said to have been, is represented as a mere Lilliputian in the presence of 'the preserving deity'. These ruins cover a great space; a few small houses, inhabited by Brahmins, are scattered among them, and there is one large and handsome temple of Vishnu of later date and in pretty good repair, the priests of which chiefly live by showing the ruins. One of them acted as our cicerone, and seemed the only person in the place who spoke Hindustani. Two boys preceded us with a pipe and a small pair of cymbals, and their appearance among these sculptures was very picturesque and beautiful.

After about two hours spent in Maha-Bali-pur or, as the Tamil pronunciation makes it, Mavellipuram, we again got into our palankeens, and went on to Sadras, a spot about a mile beyond where our tents and servants were expecting us.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER

3. Mahabalipur

1

Their talk was of the City of the days
Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the fame
Of Bali its great founder, . . . he whose name
In ancient story and in poet's praise,
Liveth and flourisheth for endless glory,
Because his might
Put down the wrong, and aye upheld the right
Till for ambition, as old sages tell,
At length the universal Monarch fell :

For he too, having made the World his own,
 Then in his pride, had driven
 The Devatas from Heaven,
 And seized triumphantly the Swarga throne.
 The Incarnate came before the Mighty One,
 In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure ;
 The sacred cord he bore,
 And ask'd, for Brahma's sake, a little boon,
 Three steps of Bali's ample reign, no more.
 Poor was the boon required, and poor was he
 Who begg'd, . . a little wretch it seemed to be ;
 But Bali ne'er refused a suppliant's prayer.
 He on the Dwarf cast down
 A glance of pity in contemptuous mood,
 And bade him take the boon,
 And measure where he would.

2

' Lo, Son of Giant birth,
 I take my grant !' the Incarnate Power replies.
 With His first step He measured o'er the Earth,
 The second spanned the skies.
 ' Three paces thou hast granted,
 Twice have I set my footstep,' Vishnu cries,
 ' Where shall the third be planted ?'
 Then Bali knew the God, and at His feet,
 In homage due, he laid his humbled head.
 ' Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth and Heaven;
 Mighty art thou !' he said,
 ' Be merciful, and let me be forgiven.'
 He ask'd for mercy 'of the Merciful,
 And mercy for his virtue's sake was shown.

For though he was cast down to Padalon,
Yet there, by Yamen's throne,
Doth Bali sit in majesty and might,
To judge the dead, and sentence them aright.
And forasmuch as he was still the friend
Of righteousness, it is permitted him,
Yearly, from those drear regions to ascend,
And walk the Earth, that he may hear his name
Still hymned and honoured by the grateful voice
Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

3

Such was the talk they held upon the way,
Of him to whose old City they were bound ;
And now, upon their journey, many a day
Had risen and closed, and many a week gone
round,
And many a realm and region had they passed,
When now the Ancient Towers appeared at last.

4

Their golden summits in the noon-day light,
Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between,
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen
Peering above the sea, . . a mournful sight !
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallow'd there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.

In solitude the Ancient Temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude ;
Now, as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores ;
Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

4. Santal Drums in Peace and War

There was no shutting your mind now to knowledge of the wilderness stirring. All day long, like a rim of steady thunder, rose the drum-drum-drumming. This was not the season of the great autumnal *parab* (festival), when, if you are at the drowsy centre of the circuit whose dwellers crowd in, you can realise something of the gradual arousal of the tiger to whose lair the beaters are stepping. *Then* you hear the drums muffled by far distance at dawn, and through the waxing and waning heat the roll flows inward, from the entire round of the horizon—until the full moon rises on a dusky crescent moon below, of the jungle women dancing through the brilliant night. Their hair, a cloud of jet-black, is adorned fantastically with green sprays and the feathers of wild peacocks. A double line of men, with huge nodding plumes on their crests and with drums strapped across their bellies, execute a solemn cake-walk, head and shoulders flung far back.

That it may be more impressive, the cake-walk is combined with a bow-legged waddle, and from time to time a man springs aloft from his prancing with a yell. At right angles to these leaders are the feminine half-moons, two, sometimes three, crescents; their hands are linked, and they take tiny steps forward and then dance to the right, in a movement of exquisite rhythm and beauty, with shrill bursts of singing. All night long goes on the drumming of the massed revellers who have been pacing in slowly through the day, some from a distance of many leagues. It reaches its height when the moon hangs straightly overhead, and dies down as the revelry lessens, its performers slipping aside for sleep or love.

Nicky knew this annual *tamasha*, for the rendezvous was in a broad glade not two miles away. She had returned from England, last year, a week before it fell, and gone to it with her father, standing out with him, fascinated, till there were hints of dawn. The moon was paling and slipping down and aside, while still the dancers swayed round and against them. The wild scene and its colours were imprinted on her brain. She could see the wilderness broken by this open space where men and women thronged like ants; their heads were adorned with flowers, real and artificial, with leaves and tinted paper. Some bore wands of peacock-plumes, or thyrses of Sa'l or maize, or 'anything green that grew out of the mould'; others poised burning *phalaricas*, scattering sparks, or brandished pots of fire. Peacocks, Nicky knew, danced in the forest; the dance that

swept its devious tides about her seemed to have been learnt from the wild things of the jungle.

She had memories of the drumming that went far back into childhood. Year after year she had heard the jungle throbbing, as if its slumbering heart had awakened. It was throbbing now, with that slow-snarling clamour, rising and falling, first in what seemed infinite distance, then answered by a drumming close at hand. As though the solitude were growing into consciousness of itself and musing on inchoate plans of evil! This was not the vague delicious excitement of the *parab* season, it hung round her menacingly. You must feel so in a haunted house, where the air is the lurking-place of cruelties that can strike at you but cannot be struck back. She visualized the jungle, that had so long been her friend, a comrade she had trusted at all hours, as a tiger of terrifyingly vast size and might, yawning after deep sleep and stretching out a paw to shake it free of the drowsiness still in those enormous muscles.

She knew these jungle people—a simple, kindly folk, almost dwarfs and black as polished coal, traversers of paths that to civilized eyes were no paths, gazers who could detect a motionless panther where, she, Nicky, could see only a mottle that was one with the variegation of sun and shadow and leaf and branch. She had met them a thousand times; they paused, hand outstretched to their tall bows, to watch her ride by; she had moved a tribe to joyous, condescending laughter by her attempts to wield a bow which a Santal girl, almost a baby, had then taken from her, to

show, amid renewed delight, how hard and how far an arrow could be shot. Some of them, taking to tillage of the earth that provided wild berries and shelter for the fleeing things that were their quarry, were the zemindari's tenants. They were an altogether lovely people. But they were stupid. They were always falling victims to their more sophisticated neighbours. The money-lender was getting possession of their land and few cattle and, in the end, their labour. And once in a long space they became enraged with a savage blood-lust, and slew indiscriminately all who came in their way.

There had been such a blood-lust in this very district, not forty years before, when they had marched on Calcutta, reinforced as they went by Santals from other districts. They had not reached Calcutta, but they had slain the officers sent to argue with them, had slain and looted Hindu settlements—until civilized and efficient massacre had supervened, as always, on discontent in India, and they had been shot down in their thousands. Nicky knew the tale; there were plenty of people round Trisulbari who dated events, as an era, from the time when the Santals rebelled. She was sick with fear of the horror of butchery in which the trouble would end. But before that she and her father might find a tide of madness engulfing them, their possessions, and their very lives.

EDWARD THOMPSON

5. The Pindari

The steed paws the ground, with a snort and a
neigh,

The Pindari has mounted, and hied him away.

He has braced on his shield and his sword by his
side,

And forth he has gone on a foray to ride.

His turban is twisted, and wreathed round his
brow,

Its colour as red as his blood in its glow ;

From his shoulder behind him his carbine is
slung,

And light o'er his saddle his long spear is hung.

Loose streams to the wind his white flowing garb,

And gaily bedecked is his Deccani barb ;

To the bells at his neck, that chime as they ride,

His charger is bounding and prancing in pride.

His comrades are joined, they are mounted alike ;

They must drink, they must smoke, ere their
tents they will strike.

Their tents did I say ? they are spangled and high,

Their couches the ground, and their curtains the
sky.

The river is forded, the frontier is passed,

And they reach the lone village by midnight at
last :

Would you gather its fate ? In the darkness of
night

The forests around it are red in its light.

JAMES HUTCHINSON

6. The Muharram in Bombay

On the 10th of Muharram every house, wherein a *Tabut* or model of the tombs of Hasan and Husain, is kept, or has been put up for the occasion, sends forth its separate cavalcade, or its company on foot, to join the general funeral procession; which in the Muslim States sometimes assumes the character of a most imposing military pomp. First go the musicians, with pipes and cymbals, and uplifted straight horns and enormous curly ones, and deafening drums, followed by the arms and banners of Hasan and Husain, and the crests, and other badges in gold and silver, or other metals, of Ali and Fatima, and these by a chorus of men chanting a funeral dirge, and they in turn by Husain's horse. Next come men bearing censers of burning myrrh, and frankincense, and aloes wood, and gum-benjamin, before the *Tabut*, upraised on poles, or borne aloft on an elephant. Models of the sepulchre of Ali, and that of Mohammed at Medina, and representations of the Seraph-Beast, Burak, whereon Mohammed is said to have performed his journey from Jerusalem to Heaven, are also carried along after the *Tabut*.

There may be one or two hundred of these separate foot companies, and cavalcades, in the general procession; and it is further swollen by crowds of faqirs, and clowns, or 'Muharram Faqirs', got up for the occasion in marvellously fantastic motley. An immense concourse of people, representatives of every country and costume of Central and Southern Asia, runs along with the endless procession.

In Bombay, after gathering its contingent from all the Shiah households, as it winds its way through the tortuous streets of the native town, the living stream at length emerges upon the Esplanade on the side bordering Back Bay; the whole green Esplanade,—‘the plain of Kerbala’ for the day—from Bombay Harbour to Back Bay—lying almost flush with the deep blue sea, with its white selvedge of sleepy surf. The commotion and uproar of its advance can be heard a mile away, and long before the procession takes definite shape through the clouds of dust and incense that move before it. It moves headlong onwards in an interminable line of glancing swords and glittering spears and blazoned suns (*aftabis*) and waving banners, and state umbrellas, and thrones, and canopies, and, exalted above all, the *Tabuts*, framed of the most elegant shapes of Saracenic architecture, gleaming in white and green and gold, and rocking backwards and forwards in mid air—like great ships upon a rolling sea—from the rapid movement of the hurrying multitudes, all swarming westward to the banging, rattling, yelling of drums, blowings of horns, shrillings of pipes, crashing of cymbals, and the ceaseless minatory wail of ‘Ya Ali! Ai Hasan Ai Husain, Ai Hasan Ai Husain, Husain Shah!’ (drowned, drowned, drowned, in blood, in blood, in blood; all three, fallen, and prostrate and dead!) ‘Ya Ali! Ai Hasan Ai Husain, Ai Hasan Ai Husain, Husain Shah!’—until the whole welkin rings and pulsates with the wild, delirious, reverberating wail. Ever and anon a band of naked men, drunk with opium or

hemp, and painted up like tigers or leopards, makes a rush through the ranks of the procession, leaping furiously, and brandishing their swords, and spears, and clubs in the air.

And so for a mile in length, the far-resounding, incense-fuming, flashing and flaring, flaunting and fluttering, towering and tottering, surging and staggering old-world pageant swirls and sweeps on against the rays of the now declining sun, until the sea is reached ; where it unfolds itself, and spreads itself out, along the white beach in a line at right angles to its processional path across the Esplanade. Nothing can be more picturesque than the arrival and tumultuous break up of the procession in Back Bay. The temporary *Tabuts* are taken out into the sea as far as they can be carried, and abandoned to the waves ; and together with them all the temporary adornments of the permanent *Tabuts* of the wealthy. The dancing iridescence and sparkle and sheen of it gradually fade away with the setting sun. The frantic clangours and clamours suddenly cease and soon the whole of the vast crowd is seen in the vivid moonlight to be slowly and peacefully regathering itself across the wide extended Esplanade towards their homes again.

Thus the riotous procession, into which the last act of 'The Mystery Play of Hasan and Husain' has here degenerated, is closed for another year.

SIR G. BIRDWOOD
(Abridged)

5. Let me learn, though mere beholder,
Martyrs live for evermore ;
So the true, the good grow bolder,
Vie with Saints like those of yore,
Strengthened by the age-long strain:
Hassan ! Hussein ! Hassan ! Hussein !
Woe is me for Hassan ! Hussein !

CHARLES A. DOBSON

8. The Taj at Agra

Here at last is the wonder of Agra, and the 'Crown of the World'—the Taj, the Peerless Tomb, built for the fair dead body of Arjamund Bano Begum by her lord and lover, the Emperor Shah Jehan. In truth it is difficult to speak of what has been so often described, the charm of which remains nevertheless quite indescribable. As a matter of course, our first hours in Agra were devoted to contemplation of that tender elegy in marble, which by its beauty has made immortal the loveliness that it commemorates.

The Tartar princes and princesses from whom sprang the proud line of the Moguls were wont in their lifetime to choose a piece of picturesque ground, to enclose it with high walls, embellish its precincts with flower-beds and groves of shady trees, and to build upon it a *Bara-duri*, a 'twelve-gated' Pleasure House, where they took delight during the founder's life. When he died the pavilion became a mausoleum, and never again echoed with song and music. Perhaps the fair daughter of Asaf Khan, Shah Jehan's Sultana,

had loved this very garden in her life, for her remains were laid, at death, in its confines, while the Emperor commissioned the best artificers of his time to build a resting-place for her dust worthy of the graces of mind and body which are recorded in Persian verse upon her grave.

In all the world no queen had ever such a monument. You have read a thousand times all about the Taj; you know exactly—so you believe—what to expect. There will be the gateway of red sandstone with the embroidered sentences upon it from the 'Holy Book', the demi-vault inlaid with flowers and scrolls, then the green garden, opening a long vista over marble pavements, between masses of heavy foliage and mournful pillars of the cypress, ranged like sentinels to guard the solemnity of the spot. At the far end of this vista, beyond the fountains and the marble platform, amid four stately white towers, you know what sweet and symmetrical dome will be beheld, higher than its breadth, solid and majestic, but yet soft and delicate in its swelling proportions and its milk-white sheen.

Prepared to admire, you are also aware of the defects alleged against the Taj—the rigidity of its outlines, the lack of shadow upon its unbroken front and flanks, and the coloured inlaying said to make it less a triumph of architectural than of mosaic work, an illustration somewhat too striking and lavish of what is declared of the Moguls, that 'they designed like giants and finished like jewelers.'

You determine to judge it dispassionately, not

carried away by the remembrance that twenty thousand workmen were employed for twenty-two years in its construction, that it cost hard upon two million pounds sterling, and that gems and precious stones came in camel-loads from all parts of the earth to furnish the inlayers with their material. Then you pass beneath the stately portal—in itself sufficient to commemorate the proudest of the princesses—and as the white cupola of the Taj rises before the gaze and reveals its beauty—grace by grace—as you pace along the paved avenue, the mind refuses to criticize what enchants the eye and fills the heart with a sentiment of reverence for the royal love which could thus translate itself into alabaster.

If it be time of sunlight the day is softened to perpetual afternoon by the shadows cast from the palms and *peepuls*, the *thuja* trees, and the pomegranates, while the hot wind is cooled by the scent of roses and jasmine. If it be moonlight, the dark avenue leads the gaze mysteriously to the soft and lofty splendour of that dome. In either case, when the first platform is reached, and the full glory of the snow-white wonder comes into sight, one can no more stay to criticize its details than to analyse a beautiful face suddenly seen.

Admiration, delight, astonishment blend in the absorbed thought with a feeling that human affection never struggled more ardently, passionately and triumphantly against the oblivion of Death. There is one sustained, harmonious, majestic sorrowfulness of pride in it, from the verse on the entrance which says that 'the pure of heart shall

enter the Gardens of God,' to the small, delicate letters of sculptured Arabic upon the tombstone which tell, with a refined humility, that Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the 'Exalted of the Palace', lies here, and that 'Allah alone is powerful.'

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

9. The Taj

White, like a spectre seen when night is old,
Yet stained with hues of many a tear and smart,
Cornelian, blood-stone, matched in callous art :
Aflame-like passion, like dominion cold,
Bed of imperial consorts whom none part
For ever (domed with glory, heart to heart)
Still whispering to the ages, 'Love is bold,
And seeks the height, though rooted in the mould ;'
Touched, when the dawn floats in an opal mist
By fainter blush than opening roses own ;
Calm in the evening's lucent amethyst ;
Pearl-crowned, when midnight airs aside have blown
The clouds that rising moonlight vainly kissed ;
—An aspiration fixed, a sigh made stone.

H. G. KEENE

10. The Kumaon Himalaya

The province of Kumaon has an area of more than 12,000 square miles, and its population exceeds a million. Its whole surface is covered by mountains. They rise with strange suddenness from the plains of India. We pass almost in a moment into the mountains, and when we have once entered

them, we hardly find level ground again until we have gone 400 or 500 miles across the Himalaya, Tibet, and the Kuenlun. The Gagar range, described with enthusiastic admiration by Bishop Heber, rises immediately above the plains to more than 8,000 feet, and in one of its valleys lie the little lake and station of Naini Tal, the summer headquarters of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

After travelling through Kumaon for more than 100 miles, through a constant succession of high ranges and deep gorges, we pass the great peaks of the Indian Himalaya, and cross over into Tibet, but, looking northward from the watershed, we see again fresh snowy ranges and mountains that look as endless and as vast as those that we have left behind.

In the earlier part of my Indian life I had the good fortune to be employed for about ten years in various offices in Kumaon and Garhwal, and I spent many summers in the higher regions of the Himalaya, sometimes among the almost countless glaciers at the sources of the Ganges and its tributaries, or visiting the passes into Tibet, one of them more than 18,000 feet above the sea, or on the forest-covered ranges immediately under the snowy peaks. I have seen much of European mountains, but in stupendous sublimity, combined with a magnificent and luxuriant beauty, I have seen nothing that can be compared with the Himalaya.

Although none of the Kumaon summits reach an elevation equal to that attained by a few of the

peaks in other parts of the chain, for only two of them exceed 25,000 feet, it is probable that the average elevation of the snowy range of Kumaon is nowhere surpassed. For a continuous distance of some 200 miles the peaks constantly reach a height of from 22,000 to more than 25,000 feet.

The alpine vegetation of the Kumaon Himalaya, while far more various, closely resembles in its generic forms that of the alpine regions of Europe; but after we have left the plains for 100 miles and have almost reached the foot of the great peaks, the valleys are still, in many cases, only 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the sea, conveying, as Sir Richard Strachey says, 'the heat and vegetation of the tropics among ranges covered with perpetual snow'. Thus, he adds, the traveller may obtain at a glance a range of vision extending from 2,000 to 25,000 feet, 'and see spread before him a compendium of the entire vegetation of the globe from the tropics to the poles.' Something similar may be said of the animal world. Tigers, for instance, are common in the valleys; and it is not very unusual to see their foot-prints in the snow among oaks and pines and rhododendrons 8,000 or 10,000 feet above the sea.

If I wished to give to any one, acquainted only with European mountains, some notion of the scenery of the Kumaon Himalaya, at elevations of about 6,000 to 10,000 feet, I should advise him to travel in the Italian valleys of the Alps, to which, on a far greater scale, the gorges of the Himalaya have often a stronger resemblance than those of Switzerland. The Val Anzasca, as

we go up towards Macugnaga through the chestnut woods, with Monte Rosa always before us, is not unlike in miniature a valley in the Himalaya, and I hardly like to say that it is less beautiful. But the Indian mountains are grander, their forests are nobler, their whole vegetation is more rich and varied, and nowhere in Europe can we find the splendour of the atmospheric effects and colouring of the Himalaya.

Still less is comparison possible in the higher regions of the mountains. To the traveller who remembers the wild magnificence of the peaks and glaciers of the Himalaya, and the general sublimity of its aspect, Zermatt and Chamouny seem insignificant. The mere fact that the ranges of the Himalaya are often twice as high as those of the Alps gives no idea of their relative magnitude. The whole of the Bernese Alps might, it has been said, be cast into a single Himalayan valley. We might almost as reasonably, when the Scottish or Welsh hills are white with snow, compare them with Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, as compare anything in the Alps with Nanda Devi and Trisul. If, preserving the form of its great obelisk, we could pile the Matterhorn on the Jungfrau, we should not reach the highest summits of the Himalaya, and should have a mountain less wonderful than the astonishing peak of Dunagiri.

Among earthly spectacles, it is hardly possible that any can surpass the Himalaya, as I have often seen it at sunset on an evening in October from the ranges thirty or forty miles from the great peaks. For the picturesque beauty of its natural

setting,' Sir Thomas Holdich writes, 'in the midst of tropical mountain scenery, no less than for grandeur of outline and profound impression of majestic predominance, there is probably no rival in the world to Kinchinjunga as seen from Darjeeling.' One other such view, that from Binsar in Kumaon, stands out vividly in my own remembrance. The mountain is 8,000 feet high, covered with oak and rhododendron. Towards the north we look down over pine-clad slopes into a deep valley, where, 6,000 feet below, the Sarju runs through a tropical forest. Beyond the river it seems to the eye as if the peaks of perpetual snow rose straight up and almost close to us into the sky. From the bottom of the valley to the top of Nanda Devi we see at a glance almost 24,000 feet of mountain. The stupendous golden or rose-coloured masses and pinnacles of the snowy range extend before us in unbroken succession for more than 250 miles, filling up a third part of the visible horizon, while on all other sides, as far as the eye can reach, stretch away the red and purple ranges of the lower mountains. 'In a hundred ages of the gods,' writes one of the old Sanskrit poets, 'I could not tell you of the glories of Himachal.'

I must add that few of those who spend the summer in the hill stations of Northern India have the opportunity of witnessing such scenes as these. If they suppose, at a place like Simla, that they have seen the Himalaya, they greatly deceive themselves.

SIR JOHN STRACHEY

11. The Himalaya

Midway in those wild palace-grounds there rose
 A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
 Murmuring adown from Himalaya's broad feet,
 To bear its tribute into Ganga's waves.
 Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sal,
 Thick set with pale sky-coloured *ganthi* flowers,
 Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
 Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
 Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
 The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall,
 Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
 Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
 And lifted universe of crest and crag,
 Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
 River ravine, and splintered precipice
 Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
 It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
 Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp laced
 With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds :
 Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
 Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
 Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
 Of circling eagles : under these the plain
 Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
 Of those divinest altars.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

12. Witchcraft in the Central Provinces (1835)

On leaving Jabera, I saw an old acquaintance
 from the eastern part of the Jubbulpore district,
 Kehri Singh.

'I understand, Kehri Singh,' said I, 'that certain men among the Gonds of the jungle, towards the source of the Nerbudda, eat human flesh. Is it so?'

'No, sir; the men never eat people, but the Gond women do.'

'Where?'

'Everywhere, sir; there is not a parish, nay, a village, among the Gonds, in which you will not find one or more such women.'

'And how do they eat people?'

'They eat their livers, sir.'

'Oh, I understand; you mean witches?'

'Of course! Who ever heard of other people eating human beings?'

'And you really still think, in spite of all that we have done and said, that there are such things as witches?'

'Of course we do—do we not find instances of it every day? European gentlemen are too apt to believe that things like this are not to be found here, because they are not to be found in their own country. Major Wardlow, when in charge of the Seoni district, denied the existence of witchcraft for a long time, but he was at last convinced.'

'How?'

'One of his troopers, one morning after a long march, took some milk for his master's breakfast from an old woman without paying for it. Before the major had got over his breakfast the poor trooper was down upon his back, screaming from the agony of internal pains. We

all knew immediately that he had been bewitched, and recommended the major to send for some one learned in these matters to find out the witch. He did so, and after hearing from the trooper the story about the milk, this person at once declared that the woman from whom he had got it was the criminal. She was searched for, found, and brought to the trooper, and commanded to cure him. She flatly denied that she had herself conjured him; but admitted that her household gods might, unknown to her, have punished him for his wickedness. This, however, would not do. She was commanded to cure the man, and she set about collecting materials for the *puja* (worship); and before she could get quite through the ceremonies, all his pains had left him. Had we not been resolute with her, the man must have died before evening, so violent were his torments.'

'Did not a similar case occur to Mr. Fraser at Jubbulpore?'

'A *chaprasi* of his, while he had charge of the Jubbulpore district, was sent out to Mandla with a message of some kind or other. He took a cock from an old Gond woman without paying for it, and, being hungry after a long journey, ate the whole of it in a curry. He heard the woman mutter something, but being a raw, unsuspecting young man, he thought nothing of it, ate his cock, and went to sleep. He had not been asleep three hours before he was seized with internal pains, and the old cock was actually heard crowing in his belly. He made the best of his way back to Jubbulpore, several stages, and all the most skilful

men were employed to charm away the effect of the old woman's spell, but in vain. He died, and the cock never ceased crowing at intervals up to the hour of his death.'

'And was Mr. Fraser convinced?'

'I never heard, but suppose he must have been.'

'Who ate the livers of the victims? The witches themselves, or the evil spirits with whom they had dealings?'

'The evil spirits ate the livers, but they are set on to do so by the witches, who get them into their power by such accursed sacrifices and offerings. They will often dig up young children from their graves, bring them to life, and allow these devils to feed upon their livers, as falconers allow their hawks to feed on the breasts of pigeons. You will not believe all this, but it is, nevertheless, all very true.'

The belief in sorcery among these people owes its origin, in a great measure, to the diseases of the liver and spleen to which the natives, and particularly the children, are much subject in the jungly parts of Central India. From these affections children pine away and die, without showing any external marks of disease. Their death is attributed to witchcraft, and any querulous old woman, who has been in the habit of murmuring at slights and ill-treatment in the neighbourhood, is immediately set down as the cause. Men who practise medicine among them are very commonly supposed to be at the same time wizards. Seeking to inspire confidence in their prescriptions

by repeating prayers and incantations over the patient, or over the medicine they give him, they make him believe that they derive aid from supernatural power; and the patient concludes that those who can command these powers to *cure* can, if they will, command them to *destroy*. He and his friends believe that the man who can command these powers to cure one individual can command them to cure any other; and, if he does not do so, they believe that it arises from a desire to destroy the patient. I have, in these territories, known a great many instances of medical practitioners having been put to death for not curing young people for whom they were required to prescribe. Several cases have come before me as a magistrate in which the father has stood over the doctor with a drawn sword by the side of the bed of his child, and cut him down and killed him the moment the child died, as he had sworn to do when he found the patient sinking under his prescriptions.

The town of Jubbulpore contains a population of twenty thousand souls (1835), and they all believed in this story of the cock. I one day asked a most respectable merchant in the town, Nadu Chaudhri, how the people could believe in such things, when he replied that he had no doubt witches were to be found in every part of India, though they abounded most, no doubt, in the central parts of it, and that we ought to consider ourselves very fortunate in having no such things in England.

'But,' added he, 'of all countries, that between Mandla and Katak (Cuttack) is the worst

for witches. I had once occasion to go to the city of Ratanpur on business and was one day, about noon, walking in the market-place, and eating a very fine piece of sugarcane. In the crowd I happened, by accident, to jostle an old woman as she passed me. I looked back, intending to apologize for the accident, and heard her muttering indistinctly as she passed on. Knowing the propensities of these old ladies, I became somewhat uneasy, and on turning round to my cane I found to my great terror, that the juice had been all *turned to blood*. Not a minute had elapsed, such were the fearful powers of this old woman. I collected my followers, and leaving my agents there to settle my accounts, was beyond the boundaries of the old wretch's influence before dark; had I remained, nothing could have saved me. I should certainly have been a dead man before morning.' 'It is well known,' said the old gentleman, 'that their spells and curses can only reach a certain distance, ten or twelve miles; and if you offend one of them, the sooner you place that distance between you the better.'

Jangbar Khan, the representative of Shahgarh Raja, as grave and reverend an old gentleman as ever sat in the senate of Venice, told me one day that he was himself an eye-witness of the powers of the women of Khilauti. He was with a great concourse of people at a fair held at the town of Raipur, and, while sauntering with many other strangers in the fair, one of them began bargaining with two women of middle age for some very fine sugarcanes. They asked double the fair price

deserted, for no stranger's life would be safe. He consented, and they were both sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river; but they had conjured the water and would not sink. They ought to have been put to death, but the Governor was himself afraid of this kind of people, and let them off.' 'There is not,' continued Jangbar, 'a village, or single family, without its witch in that part of the country; indeed, no man will give his daughter in marriage to a family without one, saying, "If my daughter has children, what will become of them without a witch to protect them from the witches of other families in the neighbourhood?" It is a fearful country, though the cheapest and most fertile in India.'

We can easily understand how a man, impressed with the idea that his blood had all been drawn from him by a sorceress, should become faint and remain many days in a languid state; but how the people around should believe that they saw the blood flowing from both parts of the cane at the place cut through, it is not so easy to conceive.

I am satisfied that old Jangbar believed the whole story to be true, and that at the time he thought the juice of the cane red; but the little pool of blood grew, no doubt, by degrees, as years rolled on and he related this tale of the fearful powers of the Khilauti witches.

SIR WILLIAM H. SLEEMAN

for their canes. The man got angry and took up one of them, when the women seized the other end and a struggle ensued. The purchaser offered a fair price, seller demanded double. The crowd looked on, and a good deal of abuse on both sides took place. At last a sepoy of the Governor came up, armed to the teeth, and called out to the man in a very imperious tone to let go his hold of the cane. He refused, saying, 'When people came to the fair to sell they should be made to sell at reasonable prices, or be turned out.'

'I,' said Jangbar Khan, 'thought the man right, and told the sepoy that, if he took the part of this woman, we should take that of the other and see fair play. Without further ceremony the functionary drew his sword, and cut the cane in two in the middle; and, pointing to both pieces, "There," said he, "you see the cause of my interference." We looked down, and actually saw blood running from both pieces, and forming a little pool on the ground. The fact was that the woman was a sorceress of the very worst kind, and was actually drawing the blood from the man through the cane, to feed the abominable devil from whom she derived her detestable powers. But for the timely interference of the sepoy he would have been dead in another minute; for he no sooner saw the real state of the case than he fainted. He had hardly any blood left in him, and I was afterwards told that he was not able to walk for ten days. We all went to the Governor to demand justice, declaring that, unless the women were made an example at once, the fair would be

deserted, for no stranger's life would be safe. He consented, and they were both sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river; but they had conjured the water and would not sink. They ought to have been put to death, but the Governor was himself afraid of this kind of people, and let them off.' 'There is not,' continued Jangbar, 'a village, or single family, without its witch in that part of the country; indeed, no man will give his daughter in marriage to a family without one, saying, "If my daughter has children, what will become of them without a witch to protect them from the witches of other families in the neighbourhood?" It is a fearful country, though the cheapest and most fertile in India.'

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SIR WILLIAM H. SLEEMAN

13. An Evening Walk in Bengal

Our task is done ! on Ganga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest ;
 And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now.
 With furled sail and painted side
 She sleeps upon the waveless tide.
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslem's savoury supper steams,
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindu cooks his simpler food.
 Come walk with me the jungle through ;
 If yonder hunter told us true,
 Far off, in desert dark and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude.
 Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake.
 Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
 'Mid Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
 There o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The *peepul* spreads its haunted shade ;
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit warder in the gate of Death !
 A truce to thought ! The jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
 And through the trees yon failing ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love ;

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring.
 Still as we pass, in softened hum,
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum.

Enough, enough, the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
 Yon lamp, that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
 And we must early sleep to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But, Oh! with thankful hearts confess
 Even here there may be happiness;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth,—His hope of heaven.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER

14. An Indian Wedding

I am afraid it would take more time than the limits of this history will afford, were I to describe minutely all the festivities and observances of Radha's marriage: I assure you, dear readers, that a proper, orthodox Hindu marriage is a very tiresome affair; and, like many other marriages, perhaps, everybody is glad when it is over. Very noisy, tediously minute in ceremonial, liable to interruption from disputes—it is often an arena for rival factions of families to fight out all the ill-feeling, discontent and jealousy which have

accumulated for years. Sometimes the feasts provided are not eaten, and have to be thrown away or given to beggars. Musicians won't play, processions can't be formed, or are interrupted in progress: offence is taken at trifles, and the whole proceeding rocks to and fro as though it would tumble to pieces altogether, till it suddenly comes right, and affairs go on—to a happy conclusion, or otherwise, as it may be.

When all prospers, it is a right merry affair; but I am afraid, dear young lady, you would be very weary if you had to be married as Radha was. No such thing as going to church comfortably in a luxurious carriage, to be attended to the altar by six loving and lovely bridesmaids, to hear there a short, simple, affecting service and blessing, and to go home, having dried your eyes on the most delicate of lace-bordered cambric pocket handkerchiefs, to a champagne breakfast, all the delicacies of the season, a carriage and four, and—unlimited bliss in prospect.

Ah, no! with Radha it was very different. Her marriage ceremonies—will you believe it?—occupied ten days of really very hard work. So many dressings and undressings; so many bathings; so many anointings; so many changes of ornaments; such smothering in flowers, and in large sheets, lest her husband should see her, such being carried from place to place by the servants, lest her feet might touch the ground—once too by her husband whom she could feel, but not see; and a rare, strong arm and hand his was, taking her up, she felt, as if she were a child, and gently and

respectfully too. Then worshippings at the great temple, where she had never been before, and where the priests put flowers on her, and led her into the shrine where the 'little Mother' sat with her weird eyes blinking through the smoke, and Radha was half frightened by them; greetings, too from the people, with whom the marriage was popular; and the flower-sellers and comfit-makers poured baskets of their stocks over her and her decorated litter, while she looked curiously about her from under the veil of jessamine flowers which covered her face, and acknowledged with shy timid gestures their hearty salutations. No doubt a great deal of this was excellent fun, and the girl's spirits rose with the genial joyousness; but at times she was very weary.

Seldom had there been a merrier wedding. What jokes were played off by her brother, who was a capital hand at acting plays, disguising himself, and personating characters, with which he mercilessly interrupted the orthodox ceremonies. Now a Mohammedan mendicant, whose intrusion was resisted by the servants, and whose presence had polluted the food, proved to be he; or the pipers' instruments were filled with wax, and they blew discordant screeches, or could not blow at all; or a pertinacious begging Brahmin, or Byragee pestered them when most engaged, insisted on seeing the bride, or threatened, otherwise, to cut himself and bring trouble on her. Now one thing, now another; teasing his sister, playing a sly joke with Ananda, tormenting the Shastree in all manner of ways, he

was the life of the meeting, and always so disguised as to dress, figure, and even voice; that no one recognized him.

Then, were there not all the pipers of the country? the temple musicians, and drums of all kinds, tenor and bass? Such crashing of noise! Village bands, the temple musicians, and the hired performers and dancing women, all playing different tunes at the same moment. The horn-players and drums of half the country came in hopes of largess; and there was one burly fellow from Andura, near Naldrug, whose horn had wreaths of flowers tied to it, with gold and silver tinsel ribbon, the wild screams of whose instrument, and sometimes its mellow quivering notes, could be heard high above all others.

And, to be sure, what feasting! The household cooking-pans were not half big enough, and those from the temple had to be borrowed; and the neighbours' kitchens, on both sides, were filled with cooks. Pecks and bushels of rice, butter, vegetable stews, and curries; sweet things, hot things, savoury things; and Ananda's famous *poorecs*, reserved for the choicest guests—some even made by herself and Tara.

There was no room in the house or in the courts for eating, so the street outside was swept and watered; and every day, early in the afternoon you might see a posse of stout young Brahmins laying down fresh green plantain-leaves in double rows on the ground, with broad alleys between them, and then long files of clean-shaven Brahmins sit down behind them; and after them a procession

of men bearing on their shoulders huge pans full of rice, hot from the kitchen, and slung on poles—baskets of hot bread, *poorrees*, curries, stews, and the like, would march down the middle, ladling out portions of all to each, and helping liberally to melted butter, hot 'chutnees'; and other toothsome condiments.

And the men ate and ate till they could eat no more, and the crowds on the house-terraces above them watched the eating, cheered the eaters, and bandied free jokes from side to side of the street at themselves, the eaters, the carriers of the viands, or the passengers. So they ate and ate by hundreds and hundreds at a time; and many a hungry Brahmin, hardly knowing how to get a meal of coarse *jowaree* cakes in his own home, took his water-vessel and blanket, travelled from twenty to thirty miles round to the wedding, received a hearty welcome, and ate as he had perhaps never eaten before, and remembered it all his life afterwards.

Yes, it was a capital wedding; and the village and town gossips who criticized it at the time, and spoke of it afterwards, could actually find no fault. There was not a poor old hag in Tuljapur or Sindphul, ay, and for the matter of that, in other villages further distant, who did not get a hearty meal; or if she were too infirm to stay and eat, a liberal dole of flour, or rice and butter, with salt and pepper. Not a family of Marathas in the town, nor, indeed, respectable Mohammedans either, who had not materials for a meal sent to them accompanied by pipe and tabor, horn and

drum, or band and trumpets, according to the scale of their rank. And from all friends, presents for the bride, in proportion to their means, from the richest silken and gold *sarees*, down to a humble cotton bodice, added to the stores with which Radha was already provided.

One by one the ceremonies were finished. The last—the solemn rite of actual marriage—as the bride and bridegroom sat side by side, when the consecrated thread was wound round them by the attendant Brahmins, and the mystic hymns and invocations chanted; when their garments were tied together in the irrevocable knot, and they repeated the promises and vows, much like our own, to love and cherish each other—then Radha's veil was raised; and though he had seen her form for many days in succession, Vyas Shastree now saw his young wife's beautiful face for the first time.

It was a happy look, in one of her happy moods. Those glorious eyes were not excited, but soft, timid, and shyly raised to him in trust and confidence. Ananda and Tara had watched for the effect upon him with beating hearts and clasped hands. There could be no doubt of the expression of his face—wonder first, then gratification, perhaps love. 'Thou wast right, wife,' he said afterwards, 'she hath a nymph's form, a deer's eyes, and a mouth like Kamdeo's.'

So it was all finished at last; the guests departed, the courts were swept, and the house again cleaned out. The garlands of leaves and flowers still hung at the gate, and from pillar to

pillar of the verandah; and certain post-nuptial ceremonies performed at the temple was all that remained of the outer show of the marriage. Within was the girl-bride, happy in being free from her brother, whom she feared though she loved him, and from her aunt, whom she disliked as well as feared; happy in her new sister-wife, to whom she felt like a daughter; happier in Tara, a sister in truth, and she had never known one before; content, too, to see the Shastree unreservedly, and to feel her beauty grow on him—for as yet, beyond a few words, they had not spoken.

COL. MEADOWS TAYLOR

15. The Tribes on My Frontier*

It is June in Dustypore. Fancy a scorching wind that seems to gather the heat together, and rub it into your cheeks and eyes, clouds of dust that nearly hide—the landscape, I had almost said through force of habit—but I mean that wide expanse of negativeness into which the sun is striking his almost visible rays till the air distinctly quivers and trembles under them; no ice, no resource except ‘thinking on the frosty Caucasus’, or sitting behind those rheumatic and agueferous devices, *tatties* and thermantidotes. Bombay people do not know what heat is. The only thing to be complained of at this time in Bombay is a certain tendency to liquefaction. Chemically speaking one

* From *The Tribes on My Frontier* by E. H. Aitken : W. Thacker & Co., London ; Rs. 5.

gets deliquescent about the end of May. The melting mood is strongest during the morning walk; at the end of it there is left of one but a pool of water. But abjure walking, court the sea-breeze, or sit under punkhas, and the climate of Bombay is balmy. These are the signs by which any one may know *hot* weather. When you take a change of raiment from the drawer and it feels like fresh-baked bread, when you put on your coat and it settles like a blister on your back, when returning to dinner from the evening constitutional you feel as you step through the doorway that you are entering a limekiln, then the weather is getting hot. In such weather every Oriental whose hard fate has not made him a punkha-puller religiously enjoys his midday nap, and so about noon a quiet as of a Scotch Sabbath comes over the land.

Just at that time when all is stillest and sleepest, I hold a *levée*, for a house is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and to its blessed shelter as the sun grows fiercer and fiercer, all the neighbourhood 'foregathers'. The choicest place, of course, is that moist spot at the back of the house under the pomegranate-trees, where the bath-water runs out into the ground. The fowls have taken possession of that, and are fitting themselves into little hollows scraped in the damp cool earth. The next best place is the broad verandah with the elephant-creeper oppressing the trellis. Here long before noon the birds begin to come together. Up among the rafters first I generally detect a social lark (*Calendrella brachyductyla*) sitting solitary and speechless; then down among

the roots of the creeper, hopping idly about, turning over a dead leaf here and there, and talking to one another in querulous falsettos, come a dozen dingy-brown 'rat-birds' (the striated bush-babbler, *Chattarrhoca caudata*), feeble folk, which keep in flocks, because they have not back-bone enough to do anything singly. They are just miniatures of the 'Seven Brothers'; only there are no differences of opinion among them. A little later on, two or three well-breakfasted mynas drop in and assume comfortable digestive attitudes. The myna is the most proper of birds, respectable as Litterer himself. In his sober, snuff-brown suit and yellow beak, he is neither foppish nor slovenly, and his behaviour is stamped with self-respect and good breeding. Nevertheless, he is eaten up with self-admiration, and when he thinks nobody is looking, behaves like a fool, attitudinizing and conversing with himself like Malvolio. But in public he is decorum itself. He sets his face, too, like a flint, against every form of vice, and is the abhorrence of the *mungoose*, the wild cat, and all the criminal classes.

On one of the beams of the roof is a meek turtle-dove that coos patiently, so that his spouse may hear him as she sits upon her two white eggs in (of all places for a nest!) the prickly pear hedge. Their nest consisting of three short twigs and a long one, was first built on one of the rafters, but it was dissipated by that painted iniquity, the squirrel, out and out the most shameless ruffian that haunts the house. See him lying flat on his belly upon the stone step crunching a crust of

bread, stolen of course. This is tiffin. For breakfast he had a dozen or two of the tender shoots of the convolvulus which I have been pruning and watering to make it grow. And his conscience does not trouble him! He should die the death if I could make up my mind what manner of death would best befit his crimes. Of all my guests there is not one more dainty, or more modest (with so much to be vain of), than the hoopoe, which sits unostentatiously in a corner, with even its gorgeous crest folded decently down. Every minute or two it trots out to one of those cup-shaped little hollows in the dust, where the ant-lion lies in wait. Once a poor ant slips over the treacherous edge of that crater, it has as much chance of coming out again as Empedocles from Etna. It may struggle to keep its footing on the slippery bank, but the unseen monster below jerks up showers of sand, and soon sand and ant go rolling down together, where the out-stretched grey jaws lie waiting in the dust. The hoopoe knows exactly what is there, pokes its long beak down into the funnel, fumbles about for a moment, and pulls out the slayer of ants, to be swallowed like a pill.

Along with the birds a pretty green lizard used to come every forenoon, shikarring ants and other insects, but it was breakfasted on yesterday by that sinister-looking butcher-bird which now stands on the floor of the verandah, with legs straddled, like Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and mouth agape, gasping from the heat. With his pale grey mantle, snow-white breast, and

black 'points', the butcher-bird would be handsome, but for his villainous eyebrows and generally assassinous aspect. Nothing living comes amiss to him, from the sparrow, if he can surprise it, down to the large fussy black ant, which comes hurrying along, to catch the train or something, with its tail cocked over its head, till it is suddenly arrested and introduced into that *atram ingluvium* where a dozen of its fellow-citizens have gone before it.

Now, wherever this bird comes, comes also a smaller bird, with the same white breast, the same shaggy black eyebrows, and the same brigand look, and it stands close by and shrieks and hisses and heaps opprobrious epithets on the other. This is a cousin of the bird it vilifies. *Lanius* is the surname of both; the Christian name of the big one is *Lahtora*, and of the other *Hardwickii*. (It was named after one General Hardwicke, poor man! but he did nothing wrong.) And as the little one hisses out its impotent rage, it cocks the stump of a tail which was once long and flowing as that which adorns the object of its wrath. Short as the stump is, thereby hangs a tale, and I happen to know it.

One Sunday morning, not long ago, *Hardwickii* was busy murdering some small creature at the foot of a tree, when *Lahtora* spied him, and came gliding gently down, and before he was aware of any danger, he was knocked over on his back, and with those sharp claws imbedded in his snowy breast, and that murderous beak hammering his head. He hit back most pluckily, and

shrieked piteously. *Arcades ambo*, thought I, and declined to interfere. Still, my appearance on the scene created a diversion in the little butcher's favour, and with a desperate struggle he freed himself and was off, but, like Tam o' Shanter's mare, without his tail. *Hinc illac lacrimae!* At the sight of his oppressor the bitter memory of that morning comes upon him, and, as he glances back at the place where the tail should be, he can no longer contain his feelings. The 'poor dumb animals' can give each other a bit of their minds, like their betters, and to me their fierce or tender little passions, their loves and hates, their envies and jealousies, and their small vanities, beget a sense of fellow-feeling which makes their presence society.

The touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin is infirmity. A man without a weakness is insupportable company, and so is a man who does not feel the heat. There is a large grey ring-dove that sits in the blazing sun all through the hottest hours of the day, and says *coo-coo, coo, coo-coo, coo*, until the melancholy, sweet monotony of that sound is as thoroughly mixed up in the cells of my brain with 110 degrees in the shade as physic in my infantile memories with the peppermint-lozenges which used to 'put away the taste'. But as for those creatures which confess the heat, and come into the house and gasp, I feel drawn to them. I should like to offer them cooling drinks. Not that all my midday guests are equally welcome. I could dispense, for instance, with the grey-ringed bee which has just reconnoitred my ear for the

third time, and guesses it is a key-hole—she is away just now, but only, I fancy, for clay to stop it up with. There are others also to which I would give their *congè* if they would take it. But good, bad, or indifferent, they give us their company whether we want it or not; and from any point of view it is strange that Europeans in India know so little, see so little, care so little about all the intense life that surrounds them. The boy who was the most ardent of bug-hunters, or the most enthusiastic of bird-nesters, in England, where one shilling will buy nearly all that is known, or can be known, about birds or butterflies, maintains in this country, aided by Messrs. B. and S. an unequal strife with the unsupportableness of an *ennui*-smitten life. Why, if he would stir up for one day the embers of the old flame, he could not quench it again with such a prairie of fuel around him. I am not speaking of Bombay people, with their clubs and gymkhanas and other devices for oiling the wheels of existence, but of the dreary up-country exile, whose life is a blank, a moral Sahara, a catechism of the Nihilist creed. What such a one needs is a hobby. Every hobby is good, a sign of good and an influence for good. Any hobby will draw out the mind; but the one I plead for touches the soul too, keeps the milk of human kindness from souring, puts a gentle poetry into the prosiest life. That all my own finer feelings have not long since withered up in this land of separation from 'the old familiar faces', I attribute partly to a pair of rabbits. All rabbits are idiotic things, but these come in and sit up

meekly and beg a crust of bread, and even a perennial fare of village *murgee* cannot induce me to issue the order for their execution and conversion into pie. But, if such considerations cannot lead, the struggle for existence should drive a man in this country to learn the ways of his border tribes. For no one, I take it, who reflects for an instant, will deny that a small mosquito, with black rings upon a light ground, or a sparrow that has finally made up its mind to rear a family in your ceiling, exercises an influence on your personal happiness far beyond the Czar of all the Russias. It is not a question of scientific frontiers—the enemy invades us on all sides. We are plundered, insulted, phlebotomized under our own vine and our own fig-tree. We might make head against the foe if we laid to heart the lesson that history teaches that the way to fight uncivilized enemies is to encourage them to cut one another's throats, and then step in and inherit the spoil. But we murder our friends, exterminate our allies, and then groan under the oppression of the enemy. I might illustrate this by the case of the meek and much-suffering musk-rat, by spiders, or ants ; but these must wait till another day.

E. H. AITKEN

16. The Tiger

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

. WILLIAM BLAKE

17. The Villager

Lord Bacon's apophthegm was that *'Eating maketh a full man'*; and it would be better to give the starving cultivator bacon than the report of that Commission (which we cannot name without tears and laughter) which goes to work on the assumption that *writing maketh a full man*—that to write over a certain area of paper will fill the

collapsed cuticles of the agricultural class throughout India.

You will ask, 'What has all this talk of food and famine to do with the villager?' I reply, 'Everything'. Famine is the horizon of the Indian villager; insufficient food is the foreground. And this is the more extraordinary since the villager is surrounded by a dreamland of plenty. Everywhere you see fields flooded deep with millet and wheat. The village and its old trees have to climb on to a knoll to keep their feet out of the glorious poppy and the luscious sugarcane. Sumptuous cream-coloured bullocks move sleepily about with an air of luxurious sloth; and sleek Brahmins utter their lazy prayers while bathing languidly in the water and sunshine of the tank. Even the buffaloes have nothing to do but float the livelong day deeply immersed in the bulrushes. Everything is steeped in repose. The bees murmur their idylls among the flowers; the doves moan their amorous complaints from the shady leafage of *peepul* trees; out of the cool recesses of wells the idle cooing of pigeons ascends into the summer-laden air; the rainbow-fed chameleon slumbers on the branch; the enamelled beetle on the leaf; the little fish in the sparkling depths below; the radiant kingfisher, tremulous as sunlight, in mid-air; and the peacock, with furred glories, on the temple tower of the silent gods. Amid this easeful and luscious splendour the villager labours and starves.

Reams of hiccoughing platitudes lodged in the pigeon-holes of the Home Office by all the

gentlemen clerks and gentlemen farmers of the world cannot mend this. While the Indian villager has to maintain the glorious phantasmagoria of an imperial policy, while he has to support legions of scarlet soldiers, golden *chuprassies*, purple politicals, and green commissions, he must remain the hunger-stricken, over-driven phantom he is.

While the eagle of Thought rides the tempest in scorn,
Who cares if the lightning is burning the corn?

If Old England is going to maintain her throne and her swagger in our vast Orient she ought to pay up like a man, I was going to say; for, according to the old Sanskrit proverb, 'You can get nothing for nothing, and deuced little for a half-penny.' These unpaid-for glories bring nothing but shame.

But even the poor Indian cultivator has his joys beneath the clouds of Revenue Boards and Famine Commissions. If we look closely at his life we may see a soft glory resting upon it. I do not intend entering into the technical details of agriculture, but I would say something of that sweetness which a close communion with earth and heaven must shed upon the silence of lonely labour in the fields. God is ever with the cultivator in all the manifold sights and sounds of this marvellous world of His. In that mysterious temple of the Dawn in which we of noisy mess-rooms, heated courts, and dusty offices are infrequent worshippers, the peasant is a priest. There he offers up his hopes and fears of rain and sunshine; there he listens to the anthems of

birds we rarely hear, and interprets auguries that for us have little meaning.

The beast of prey skulking back to his lair, the stag quenching his thirst ere retiring to the depths of the forest, the wedge of wild fowl flying with trumpet notes to some distant lake, the vulture hastening in heavy flight to the carrion that night has provided, the crane flapping to the shallows, and the jackal shuffling along to his shelter in the *nullah*, have each and all their portent to the initiated eye. Day, with its fierce glories, brings the throbbing silence of intense life, and under flickering shade, amid the soft pulsations of Nature, the cultivator lives his day-dream. What there is of squalor, and drudgery, and carking care in his life melts into a brief oblivion, and he is a man in the presence of his God with the holy stillness of Nature brooding over him. With lengthening shadows comes labour and a re-awaking. The air is once more full of all sweet sounds from the fine whistle of the kite, sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air, to the stir and buzzing chatter of little birds and crickets among the leaves and grass. The egret has resumed his fishing in the tank where the rain is stored for the poppy and sugarcane fields, the sand-pipers bustle along the margin, or wheel in little silvery clouds over the bright waters, the gloomy cormorant sits alert on the stump of a dead date-tree, the little black divers hurry in and out of the weeds, and ever and anon shoot under the water in hot quest of some tiny fish; the whole machinery of life and death is in full

play, and our villager shouts to his patient oxen and lives his life. Then gradual darkness, and food with homely joys, a little talk, a little tobacco, a few sad songs, and kindly sleep.

The villages are of immemorial antiquity; their names, their traditions, their hereditary offices have come down out of the dim past through countless generations. History sweeps over them with her trampling armies and her conquerors, her changing dynasties and her shifting laws—sweeps over them and leaves them unchanged.

The village is self-contained. It is a complete organism protoplasmic it may be, with the chlorophyll of age colouring its institutions, but none the less a perfect, living entity. It has within itself everything that its existence demands, and it has no ambition.

In this idyllic existence, in which, as I have said, there is no ambition, several other ills are also wanting. There is, for instance, no News in the village. The village is without the pale of intelligence. This must indeed be bliss. Just fancy a state of existence in which there are no politics, no discoveries, no travels, no speculations! If there be a heaven upon earth, it is surely here. And here the lark sings in heaven for evermore, the sweet corn grows below, and the villager, amid these quiet joys with which earth fills her lap, dreams his low life.

G. ABERIGH-MACKAY

18. Dawn in India

Lo! in the East

Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
 Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.
 High in the widening blue the herald-star
 Faded to paler silver as there shot
 Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
 Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
 Saw the great Sun, before the world was ware,
 And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by
 flower.

Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold
 Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
 Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
 Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
 Decking earth with radiance, broidering
 The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
 Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
 Glad salutation; darting beams of gold
 Into the glades; touching with magic wand
 The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
 Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
 And saying, 'It is day!'; in nestled sleep
 Touching the small heads under many a wing
 And whispering, 'Children, praise the light of day!
 Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
 The Koil's fluted song, the Bulbul's hymn,
 The 'morning! morning!' of the painted thrush,
 The twitter of the sun-birds starting forth
 To find the honey ere the bees be out, [strokes
 The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the
 Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp
 The never-finished love-talk of the doves!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

19. The Insects of Tropical Forests

Reptiles, now-a-days rare, are not the greatest of the terrors of nature in those formidable climates. In all places and at all times, it is now the insect. Insects everywhere, and in everything; they possess an infinity of means of attacking you; they walk, swim, glide, fly; they are in the air, and you breathe them. Invisible, they make known their presence by the most painful wounds. Recently, in one of our sea-ports, an official of the customs opened a parcel of papers brought from the colonies a long time previously. A fly furiously darted out of it; it pursued, it stung him; two days afterwards he was a corpse.

The hardiest of men, the buccaneers and filibusters, declared that of all dangers and of all pains, they dreaded most the wounds of insects.

Frequently intangible, invisible, irresistible, they are destruction itself under an unavoidable form. How shall you oppose them when they make war upon you in legions? Once, at Barbadoes, the inhabitants observed an immense army of great ants, which, impelled by unknown causes, advanced in a serried column and in the same direction against the houses. To kill them was only trouble lost. There were no means of arresting their progress. At last an ingenious mind fortunately suggested that trains of gunpowder should be laid across their route, and set on fire. These volcanoes terrified them, and the torrent of invasion gradually turned aside.

No mediæval armoury, with all the strange weapons then made use of, no chirurgical implement factory, with the thousands of dreadful instruments invented by modern art, can be compared with the monstrous armour of Tropical Insects,—their pincers, their nippers, their teeth, their saws, their horns, their augers, all their tools of combat, of death, and of dissection, with which they come armed to the battle, with which they labour, pierce, cut, rend, and finely partition, with skill and dexterity equal to their furious blood-thirstiness.

Our grandest works may not defy the energetic force of these terrible legions. Give them a ship,—what do I say? a town—to devour, and they charge at it with eager joy. In course of time they have excavated under Valentia, near Carracas, vast abysses and catacombs; the city is now literally suspended. A few individuals of this voracious tribe, unfortunately transported to Rochelle, have set to work to eat up the place, and already more than one edifice trembles upon timbers which are only externally sound, and at the core are rotten.

What would be the fate of a man abandoned to these insects?—one dares not think of it. An unfortunate wretch, while intoxicated, fell down near a carcass. The insects which were devouring the dead could not distinguish from it the living. They took possession of his body, entered at every avenue, filled all the natural cavities. It was impossible to save him. He expired in the midst of frightful convulsions.

In those lands of fire, where the rapidity of decomposition renders every corpse dangerous, where all death threatens life, these terrible accelerators of the disappearance of animal bodies multiply *ad infinitum*. A corpse scarcely touches earth before it is seized, attacked, disorganized, dissected. Only the bones are left. Nature, endangered by her own fecundity, invites, stimulates, encourages them by the heat, by the irritation of a world of spices and acrid substances. She makes them furious hunters, insatiable gluttons. The tiger and the lion, compared with the vulture, are mild, sober, moderate creatures; but what is the vulture in the presence of an insect, which, in four-and-twenty hours, consumes thrice its own weight?

Just, indeed, and legitimate, is the traveller's hesitancy at the entrance of these fearful forests where Tropical Nature, under forms oftentimes of great beauty, wages her keenest strife. It is the place to pause when one knows that the most formidable defence of the Spanish fortresses is found in a simple grove of cactus, which, planted around them, speedily swarms with serpents. You frequently detect there a strong odour of musk, a nauseous, a sinister odour. It tells you that you are treading on the very dust of the dead; the wreck of animals that possessed that peculiar savour, tiger-cats, and crocodiles, vultures, vipers and rattle-snakes.

The peril is greatest, perhaps, in those virgin forests where everything is eloquent of

life, where Nature's seething crucible eternally boils and bubbles.

Here and there their living shadows thicken with a three-fold canopy—the colossal trees, the entwining and interlacing lianas, and undergrowth of thirty feet high with magnificent leaves. At intervals, these last sink into the ancient primeval slime; while, at a height of a hundred feet, lofty and puissant flowers break through the deep night to display themselves in the burning sun.

In the clearances—the narrow alleys where his rays penetrate—prevails a scintillation, an eternal murmuring, of beetles, butterflies, humming-birds and fly-catchers—gems animated and mobile, which incessantly flutter to and fro. At night—a far more astonishing scene!—begins the fairylike illuminations of shining fire-flies; which, by thousands of millions, weave fantastic arabesques and dazzling pageantries of light, magical scrolls of fire.

With all this splendour there lurks in the lower levels an obscure race, a foul and hideous world of caymans and water-serpents! To the trunks of enormous trees the fanciful orchids, the well-beloved daughters of fever, the children of a miasmatic atmosphere, quaint vegetable butterflies, suspend themselves in seeming motion. In these murderous solitudes they take their delight, and bathe in the putrid swamps, drink of the death which inspires them with vitality, and, by the caprice of their unheard-of colours, make sport of the intoxication of nature.

Do not yield—defend yourself—let not the fatal charm bow down your sinking head. Awake! arouse! under a hundred forms the danger surrounds you. Yellow fever lurks beneath those flowers, and the black vomito; reptiles trail at your feet. If you gave way to fatigue, a noiseless army of implacable anatomists would take possession of you, and with a million lancets convert all your tissues into an admirable bit of lacework, a gauze veil, a breath, nothingness.

To this all-absorbing abyss of devouring death, of famished life, what does God oppose to re-assure us? Another abyss not less famished, thirsty of life, but less implacable to man. I see the Bird, and I breathe.

What! is it in ye, bright living flowers! that I shall find my safety? Your saving vehemence it is, stimulated for the purification of this super-abundant and furious fecundity that alone renders practicable the entrance to this dangerous realm of lacy. Were you absent, jealous Nature would perform her mysterious labour of solitary fermentation, and not even the most daring savant would venture upon observing her. Who am I here? And how shall I defend myself? What power would be sufficient? The elephant, the ancient mammoth, would perish defenceless against a million of deadly darts. Who will brave them? The eagle or the condor? No! a people far more mighty, the intrepid and the innumerable legion of fly-catchers.

The contrast between them and man is singular. The latter throughout these regions,

perishes, or decays. Europeans, who on the borders of these forests, attempt the cultivation of various colonial products, quickly succumb. The natives languish, enfeebled and attenuated. Whatever their plumage, their hues, their forms, this great winged populace, the conquerors and devourers of insects, sweep over all the land as man's pioneers purifying and making ready his abode. They swim intrepidly on this vast sea of death—this hissing, croaking, crawling sea, on the terrible miasmatic vapours, inhaling and defying them.

It is thus that the great sanitary work, the time-old combat of the bird against the inferior tribes which might long render the world uninhabitable by man, is continued throughout the earth. Quadrupeds, and even man, take in it but a feeble part. It is ever the war of the winged Hercules.

JULES MICHELET

PART II—NARRATIVE

20. A Hunt with Cheetah

The only class of leopard that should become the companion of man is the most interesting of the species; this is the hunting leopard (*Felis jubata*). I never met a person who has shot one of this species in a wild state, and such an animal is rarely met with in the jungle. Most people are under the impression that the hunting leopard with non-retractile claws is incapable of climbing a tree; I was myself of this opinion until I actually witnessed the act, and the animal ran up a tree with apparent ease, ascending to the top.

The *Felis jubata* is totally different in shape from all other leopards. Instead of being low and long, with short but massive legs, it stands extremely high; the neck is long, the head is small, the eyes large and piercing; the legs are long, and the body light. The tail is extremely long, and thick; this appears to assist it when turning sharply at full speed. The black spots upon the skin are very numerous, and are simply small dots of extreme black, without a resemblance of rings. It is generally admitted that the hunting leopard is the fastest animal in the world, as it can overtake upon open ground the well-known black-buck, which surpasses in speed the highest bred

English greyhound. I have never had any experience of this animal in a wild state; those I have known were as gentle as dogs.

This is the only species that is a useful companion to man when engaged in field sports; and the princes of India have from time immemorial been accustomed to train the *Felis jubata* for hunting deer and antelopes, precisely as European nations have adopted the greyhound for the coursing of hare. The Gaikwar of Baroda possesses first-class hunting leopards, and I had an opportunity of witnessing many good hunts when enjoying his hospitality at Dubka in 1880.

On the day following our arrival at Dubka, we devoted ourselves to hunting the black-buck with Cheetah. In this sport, all persons, excepting the keepers of the animals, are simply spectators, and no interference is permitted. Each cheetah occupies a peculiar cage; which forms the body of a cart, drawn by two bullocks. When game is expected, the cheetah is taken from the cage, and occupies the outside seat upon the top, together with the keeper. The animal is blinded by a hood, similar to that worn by a falcon, and it sits upright like a dog, with the master's arm around it, waiting to be released from the hood, which it fully understands is the signal that game is sighted.

There were plenty of black-buck, and we were not long in finding a herd, in which were several good old buck, as black as night. Nothing could be more favourable than the character of the ground, for the natural habits of the cheetah.

The surface was quite flat and firm, being a succession of glades more or less open, surrounded by scattered bush. A cheetah was now taken from its cage, and it at once leapt to the top, and sat with its master, who had released it from the hood. After an advance of about 200 yards, the wheels making no noise upon the level surface, we espied the herd of about twenty antelopes, and the cart at once halted until they had slowly moved from view. Again the cart moved forward for 70 or 80 paces, and two bucks were seen trotting away to the left, as they had caught a glimpse of the approaching cart. In an instant the cheetah was loosed; for a moment it hesitated, and then bounded forward, although the two bucks had disappeared. We now observed that the cheetah not only slackened its pace, but it crept cautiously forward, as though looking for the lost game.

We followed quietly upon horseback, and in a few seconds we saw the two bucks about 120 yards distant, standing with their attention fixed upon us. At the same instant the cheetah dashed forward with an extraordinary rush; the two bucks, at the sight of their dreaded enemy, bounded away at their usual speed, with the cheetah following the right-hand buck, which had a start of about 110 yards. The keeper simply begged us not to follow until he should give the word.

It was a magnificent sight to see the extraordinary speed of both the pursued and the pursuer. The buck flew like a bird along the level surface, followed by the cheetah, who was laying out at

full stretch, with its long, thick tail brandishing in the air. They had run about 200 yards, when the keeper gave the word, and away we went as hard as the horses could go over this first-class ground, where no danger of a fall seemed possible. I never saw anything to equal the speed of the buck and the cheetah; we were literally nowhere, although we were going as hard as horseflesh could carry us, but we had a glorious view.

The cheetah was gaining in the course, literally flying along the ground, while the buck was exerting every muscle for life or death in its last race. Presently, after a course of about a quarter of a mile, the buck doubled like a hare, and the cheetah lost ground as it shot ahead, instead of turning quickly. Recovering itself, it turned on extra steam, and the race appeared to re-commence with increased speed. The cheetah was determined to win, and at this moment the buck made another double, in the hope of shaking off its terrible pursuer. This time the animals were lost to view among the scattered bushes.

We galloped forward in the direction they had taken, and in less than three hundred yards we arrived at the spot where the cheetah had pinned the buck; this was lying upon its back without a struggle, while the firm jaws of the pursuer gripped its throat. The cheetah did not attempt to shake or tear the prey, but simply retained its hold, thus strangling the victim, which had ceased all resistance.

The keeper now arranged the hood upon the

cheetah's head, thus masking the eyes, which were gleaming with wild excitement, but it in no way relaxed its grip. Taking a strong cord, the keeper now passed it several times around the neck of the buck, while it was still held in the jaws of the cheetah, and drawing the cord tight, he carefully cut the throat close to the teeth of the tenacious animal. As the blood spurted from the wound, it was caught in a large but shallow ladle, or bowl furnished with a handle. When this was nearly full, the mask was taken off the cheetah, and upon seeing the spoon full of blood it relaxed its grasp, and immediately began to lap the blood from its well-known ladle. When the meal was finished, the mask, or hood, was replaced, and the cheetah was once more confined within its cage, as it would not run again during that day.

The wooden ladle is, to the cheetah, an attraction corresponding to the 'lure' of a falcon; the latter is an arrangement of feathers to imitate a bird. The ladle is known by the cheetah to be always connected with blood, which it receives as a reward after a successful hunt; therefore, when loose, and perhaps disobedient to a call, it will generally be recovered by exhibiting the much-loved spoon, to which it returns, like a horse to a sieve of oats.

We now uncartered a fresh cheetah, and were not kept long waiting before we came upon a lot of antelopes, most of which were females, and young bucks. At length, after careful stalking by driving the bullock-cart in an opposite direction

to the herd, and then slightly turning to the left, in the endeavour to decrease our distance, we saw a fine buck standing alone within 100 yards, as we had not been observed while advancing through the scattered bush.

The cheetah lost not a moment, but springing lightly to the ground, it was at full speed, and within fifty yards before the unwary buck perceived it. Taken by surprise, instead of bounding off in mad retreat, this gallant little buck lowered its sharp pointed horns, and stood on the defence against the onset of its fierce antagonist. This was a pretty but a pitiable sight, as I knew that the odds were terribly against the buck; but in another instant the actual encounter took place, and I was surprised to see how well the plucky buck conducted the defence. It actually charged the advancing cheetah, and stopped its rush. The cheetah held back, and again the buck rushed in; but as we advanced, the poor little beast was evidently frightened at the people, and it turned to run. The moment that the cheetah saw its opportunity, it sprang forward; we saw the blow of the paw, delivered as quick as lightning upon the right haunch, and the gallant little buck was on its back, with its throat hopelessly throttled in the cheetah's jaws.

We were sorry for this termination, as I should like to have witnessed the result, had we not disturbed the fight by our presence. The keepers did not regard the affair in the same light, as they declared the cheetah might have

been injured severely by the horns, but that eventually it would have killed the black buck.

In a couple of days we had killed a number of these beautiful animals, but I became tired of the sport, as the affair was invariably over in a couple of minutes. One thing was certain, the cheetahs were first-rate, and there was none of the skulking and slinking back, which I had read of as characteristic of the hunting leopard.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER

21. The Emperor Jahangir's Birthday

September 2, 1616. This day was the birth of the King and solemnized as a great feast, wherein the King is weighed against some jewels, gold, silver, stuffs of gold and silver, silk, butter, rice, fruit, and many other things, of every sort a little, which is given to the Brahmins. To this solemnity the King commanded Asaf Khan to send for me, who so doing appointed me to come to the place where the King sits out at durbar and there I should be sent for in. But the messenger mistaking, I went not until durbar time; and so missed the sight. But being there before the King came out, as soon as he spied me, he sent to know the reason why I came not in, he having given order. I answered according to the error; but he was extremely angry, and chid Asaf Khan publicly.

He was so rich in jewels that I must confess I never saw together such invaluable wealth. The time was spent in bringing his greatest elephants

before him, some of which, being lord elephants, had their chains, bells, and furniture of gold and silver, attended with many gilt banners and flags, and eight or ten elephants waiting on him, clothed in gold, silk, and silver. Thus passed about twelve companies most richly furnished, the first having all the plates on his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, being a beast of a wonderful stature and beauty. They all bowed down before the King, making reverence very handsomely, and was a show as worthy as I ever saw any of beasts only. The keepers of every chief elephant gave a present. So, with gracious compliments to me, he rose and went in.

At night about ten of the clock he sent for me. I was abed. The message was: 'He heard I had a picture which I had not showed him, desiring me to come to him and bring it; and if I would not give it him, yet that he might see it and take copies for his wives.' I rose and carried it with me.

When I came in, I found him sitting cross-legged on a little throne, all clad in diamonds, pearls and rubies; before him a table of gold, on it about fifty pieces of gold plate, set all with stones, some very great and extremely rich, some of less value, but all of them almost covered with small stones; his nobility about him in their best equipage, whom he commanded to drink frolicly, several wines standing by in great flagons.

When I came near him, he asked for the picture. I showed him two. He seemed astonished

at one of them ; and demanded whose it was. I answered, 'A friend of mine that was dead.' He asked me if I would give it him. I replied that I esteemed it more than anything I possessed, because it was the image of one that I loved dearly and could never recover ; but that if His Majesty would pardon me my fancy and accept of the other, which was a French picture but excellent work, I would most willingly give it him. He sent me thanks, but that it was that only picture he desired, and loved as well as I, and that, if I would give it he would better esteem of it than the richest jewel in his house. I answered I was not so in love with anything that I would refuse to content His Majesty : I was extremely glad to do him service, and if I could give him a better demonstration of my affection, which was in my heart, to do him service, I was ready to present it to him. At which he bowed to me and replied it was sufficient that I had given it : that he confessed he never saw so much art, so much beauty, and conjured me to tell him truly whether ever such a woman lived. I assured him that there did one live that this did resemble in all things but perfection, and was now dead.

He returned me that he took my willingness very kindly, but that, seeing I had so freely given him that I esteemed so much, he would not rob me of it : only he would show it his ladies and cause his workmen to make him five copies, and if I knew mine own I should have it. I answered I had freely and willingly given it and was extremely glad of His Majesty's acceptance. He

replied he would not take it: that he loved me the better for loving the remembrance of my friend, and knew what an injury it was to take it from me: by no means would he keep it, but only take copies, and with his own hand he would return it, and his wives should wear them; for indeed in that art of limning his painters work miracles. The other, being in oil, he liked not.

Then he sent me word it was his birthday and that all men did make merry, and to ask if I would drink with them. I answered: 'Whatsoever His Majesty commanded: I wished him many prosperous days, and that this ceremony might be renewed a hundred years.' He asked me what wine, whether of the grape or made, whether strong or small. I replied: 'What he commanded, hoping he would not command too much nor too strong.' So he called for a cup of gold of mingled wine, half of the grape, half artificial, and drank, causing it to be filled and sent it by one of his nobles to me with this message: 'That I should drink it twice, thrice, four or five times off for his sake, and accept of the cup and appurtenances as a present.' I drank a little, but it was more strong than ever I tasted, so that it made me sneeze: whereat he laughed and called for raisins, almonds and sliced lemons, which were brought me on a plate of gold, and he bade me eat and drink what I would and no more.

So then I made reverence for my present after mine own manner, though Asaf Khan would have caused me kneel, and knock my head against

the ground: but His Majesty best accepted what I did.

The cup was of gold, set all over with small turquoises, rubies, the cover of the same set with great turquoises, rubies, and emeralds in works, and a dish suitable to set the cup upon. The value I know not, because the stones are many of them small, and the greater, which are also many, are not all clean, but they are in number about 2,000 and in gold about 20 ounces.

Thus he made frolic, and sent me word he more esteemed me than ever any Frank; and demanded if I were merry at eating the wild boar sent me a few days before? How I dressed it? What I drank? and such compliments: that I should want nothing in his land.

Then he threw about to those that stood below two chargers of new rupees, and among us two chargers of hollow almonds of gold and silver mingled; but I would not scramble as did his great men; for I saw his son took up none. Then he gave sashes of gold and girdles to all the musicians and waiters and to many others.

So drinking and commanding others, His Majesty and all his lords became the finest men I ever saw, of a thousand humours. But his son, Asaf Khan, and some two old men, and the late King of Kandahar, and myself forbore. When he could not hold up his head, he lay down to sleep, and we all departed.

SIR THOMAS ROE

22. Tipoo Sultan becomes a French Citizen

The morning of the twenty-sixth of April 1798 was a scene of universal excitement in the Fort of Seringapatam. As the day advanced, crowds of men collected in the great square before the palace; soldiers in their gayest costumes, horsemen, and caparisoned elephants, which always waited upon the Sultan and his officers. The roofs of the houses around, those of the palace particularly, the old temples, and the flat terraces of its courts and *dharmasalas*, even the trees were crowded with human beings, on the gay colours of whose dresses a brighter sun had never shone. There arose from the mighty mass of garrulous beings a vast hubbub of sounds, increased by the Sultan's loud kettle-drums, the martial music of the band of a French regiment, the shrill blasts of the colery horns, neighings of horses and trumpetings of elephants, as they were urged hither and thither.

No one in this soberly dressed land can have an idea of the gorgeous appearance of these spectacles; for an eastern crowd, from the endless variety of its bright colours, and the picturesqueness and grace of its costumes,—its gaily caparisoned horses, elephants and camels,—is of all others in the world the most beautiful and impressive.

In the centre of the square was an open space, kept by French soldiers; in the middle of this stood a small tree, which had been uprooted and planted there; but already its leaves had faded

and drooped. It was covered with gay ribbons of all colours and of gold and silver tissue, which fluttered in the fresh breeze and glittered in the sun: this was surmounted by a spear, on which was the red cap of liberty, the fearful emblem of the French Revolution.

Around it were many French officers, some dressed fantastically and crowned with wreaths of green leaves, others in brilliant uniforms, their plumes and feathers waving. Many of them spoke with excited gestures from time to time, and swore round oaths at the Sultan's delay; for the sun had climbed high into the heaven, and no shade was there to save them from its now scorching beams.

The amicable issue of the embassy to Paris, sent by Tipoo in 1788, had been exaggerated by the envoys to enhance their consequence; and the French officers in his service had by every possible means in their power kept this feeling alive. When the Revolution broke out, the roar of which faintly reached the Sultan of Mysore, it was represented to him by those of the French nation who were there, in such terms of extravagant eulogium, while its bloody cruelties were concealed, or, if mentioned, declared to be acts of retributive justice, that the Sultan's mind, itself a restless chaos of crude ideas of perpetual changes and progression, eagerly caught at the frenzied notions of liberty which the Frenchmen preached. At the same time it is almost impossible to conceive how an Asiatic monarch born to despotism could have endured such an anomaly as his position presents—one who with the most petty

jealousy and suspicion resisted any restriction of, or interference with, his absolute will and direction of all affairs, even to the most minute and unimportant of his government, whether civil or military.

From time to time, allured by the certainty of good pay in his army, many needy adventurers came to him from the Isle of France, who were entertained at once, and assumed, if they did not possess, a knowledge of military affairs. These kept up a constant correspondence with their parent country; and willing to humour the Sultan while indulging their own spleen, they poured into his ready ear the most virulent abuse of the English, and constant false statements of their losses by sea and land; while the accounts of French superiority and French victory were related in tones of exaggerated triumph.

Ripaud, an adventurer with more pretension and address than others, having arrived at Mangalore, and discerning the bent of the court from Tipoo's authorities there, represented himself to be an envoy from the French Republic, and was invited at once to the capital. It may well be supposed that he did not under-rate his own assumed influence, nor the immense advantages of an embassy in return; and one was sent by Tipoo, which meeting with various adventures by the way, returned at last, not with the mighty force he had been led to expect, but with a few needy officers, the chief of whom was Chapuis, men who determined to raise for themselves, at his court a power equal to that of Perron at the

court of Scindia, and of Raymond at that of the Nizam.

This was a feverish period for India, when those two mighty nations, England and France, were striving for supremacy. True, the power of the English was immeasurably more concentrated and effective, and their steady and resolute valour more highly appreciated than the brilliant but eccentric character of the French. Still, however, the latter power had increased extraordinarily since the last war with Tipoo; and 45,000 men at Scindia's court, over whom Perron held absolute sway, and 14,000 under Raymond at Hyderabad, were pledged by their leaders to aggrandize the power of their nation, and to disseminate the principles of the Revolution.

Chapuis had laboured hard to effect his object; a man of talent, and quick-witted, he had at once assumed a mental superiority over the Sultan, which he maintained. He had flattered, cajoled, and threatened by turns; he had written to the French Government in his behalf—he had promised unlimited supplies of men and ammunition—he had bewildered the Sultan's mind with the sophistries of the Revolution, with vague notions of liberty, equality, and the happiness which was to follow upon the earth from the adoption of these principles by all ranks—he had told him of the rapid rise of Bonaparte, of his magnificent victories and inflamed him with visions of conquest even more vast than those of the French General.

The French expedition to Egypt became known, their successes and their subjugation of

the country. That seemed but the stepping stone to greater achievements. Alexander with a few Greeks had penetrated into India, and had subdued all in his path. Bonaparte, with his victorious armies, far out-numbering the Greeks, was at a point from whence he could make an immediate descent upon Bombay; then would Perron lead Scindia into his alliance—Raymond, the Nizam. The Marathas, a wavering power, would side with the strongest. Zeman Shah and his hardy Afghans had already promised co-operation, so had the Rajputs, and the men of Delhi and those of Nepal; last of all Tipoo himself, who had single-handed already met and defeated the English in the field. All were to join in one crusade against the infidel, the detested English, and expel them for ever from India. It is no wonder that the wild and restless ambition of the Sultan was excited, his intrigues more and more frequent, and, as success seemingly lay within his grasp, that he himself was more open and unguarded.

‘Join but our society,’ Chapuis would say to him, ‘you league yourself with us,—you identify yourself with the French Republic,—its interests become yours,—your welfare its most anxious care. You become the friend, the brother of Bonaparte, and at once attach him to you by a bond which no vicissitudes can dissever.’

And he yielded, though with dread, for he knew not the meaning of the wild ceremony they proposed, of destroying the symbols of royalty, and reducing himself to a level with the meanest of his subjects; it was a thing abhorrent to his

nature, one which he dared not disclose even to his intimates, but to which he yielded, drawn on by the blindest ambition that ever urged a human being to destruction.

The Frenchmen had long waited; at length there arose a shout, and the kettle-drums and long *nagaras* from the palace proclaimed that the Sultan was advancing. He approached slowly, dressed in the plainest clothes; no jewel was in his turban, only his rosary around his neck, a string of pearls without a price, for each bead had been exchanged for another when one more valuable could be purchased. A lane was formed through the crowd, and his slaves headed by Jaffar, his confidential officer, preceded him, forcing the people back by rude blows of their sheathed sabres, and shouting his titles in extravagant terms.

All hailed the spectacle as one to exult in, though they could not understand it; but to the Sultan it was one of bitter humiliation, his feelings at which he could hardly repress. He passed on, the crowd making reverence to him as he moved; he did not return their salutation, his eyes were downcast, and he bit his lips almost till the blood came. Before him was the place where he was going to a moral death—to abjure his power over men—to allow himself to be on an equality with the meanest, to hold authority over them, not of inherent right, but by their sufferance. Had any one known his intention, and spoken one word to him in remonstrance, he would have turned; but the men were before him to whom he had sworn obedience, and he

proceeded. Chapuis advanced, he saw his agitation, and in a few hurried words implored him to be firm, reminding him of the issue at stake, and this rallied him.

He led him to the tree; there was an altar beneath, as if for sacrifice; a small fire burned on it, and its thin blue smoke rose among the branches, and melted away into the air; a perfume was thrown from time to time into the flame, which spread itself abroad as the smoke was dissipated.

Chapuis and some others officiated as priests of the mysteries, and they knelt before the altar, while one made a passionate invocation to liberty, which another tried in vain to explain to the Sultan. It was finished: they arose, and Chapuis advanced toward him. 'Hast thou the emblems?' he said.

The Sultan took them from an attendant, the feather of gold tinsel he always wore in his turban, and an ornament of trifling value for the head.

'These are all,' he said; 'be quick.'

'They will be nothing without your Highness's own turban,' replied Chapuis; 'placed in that, your people will understand the ceremony; otherwise it is vain. Your Highness remembers your promise and mine. I have performed mine; see that thou, O Sultan, dost not fail!'

The others echoed his words, and urged the Sultan to obey. Hesitating and almost trembling, he did so.

'They will not understand,' he said to himself, 'they cannot comprehend this mummary;

they cannot hear what the Frenchmen say, much less understand their broken language.'

He took the turban from his brows, and gave it into Chapuis's hand. The officer placed in it the tinsel feather, and threw it contemptuously into the fire. An attendant raised and unfurled a scarlet *chuttree*, or umbrella, over the monarch's head: that, too, was remarked.

'It must follow,' Chapuis said to him; 'that is a regal emblem,—there must be none left of the abomination.' He caught it from the attendant and flung it on the fire.

There arose a deep murmur of indignation from the multitude to see their monarch's turban taken from his head and burned; to see his *chuttree* forcibly taken and destroyed was more than they could bear without an expression of excitement, and cries of indignation rent the air.

'To hell with the Feringhees!—cut them down!—what impiety is this? What insult to the Sultan?' And many drew their swords and raised them on high to strike. The Frenchmen were in imminent peril, but they were firm.

It was a grand and striking scene, that excited crowd, those fierce gestures, gleaming weapons, and those hoarse shouts and threats. In the centre, the group on which all eyes were fixed, the bare-headed Sultan, and those few needy adventurers reckless and unprincipled, who had gained a mastery over one whose smallest gesture would have caused their instant annihilation.

'Peace!' he cried, raising his arm; 'It is our will—it is decreed.' The multitude was

hushed, but many a muttered threat was spoken, many a prayer for the dire omen to be averted, many an expression of pity for the position of one whom all feared and many even venerated.

And truly, to see that degradation done to one who knew not its meaning, who, bare-headed before his people, and under a fierce sun, stood and looked on at the destruction of the emblems of his power—might have caused pity for his condition; but it did not in those who stood around him; the act sealed their own power—they had no thought of pity.

As the last fragments burned to ashes in the blaze of the fire, Chapuis lowered the spear on which was the cap, and presented it to the monarch. 'Wear it!' he said, 'consecrated as it is in the smoke of those emblems which are destroyed for ever;—wear it as an earnest of the victories thou wilt gain.'

The Sultan put it on. Chapuis seized a tri-coloured flag which an officer bore near him, and waved it above his head. It was the signal agreed on: the artillerymen were at their posts on the ramparts, and the roar of two thousand and three hundred cannon proclaimed that Tipoo, the Light of the Faith, the Lion of Islam, the Sultan of Mysore, was now citizen Tipoo of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

Then followed the coarse salutations of the French soldiery who, excited by liquor and by the event, rushed around the Sultan, and seized his hand, shaking it with rude familiarity; his cup of humiliation was full, and he returned to his

palace in bitter mortification and anger. There were many of his officers who, deeply touched by the mockery of the exhibition, remonstrated with him, and advised him to revoke the act by a solemn scene in the mosque, attended by all his army and the high religious functionaries. But it was impossible to arouse him to the act—to shake off the domination to which he had subjected himself; and while it was whispered abroad that the Sultan had become a Feringhee, those who wished well to his cause saw that he had with his own hands struck a vital blow at its interests.

COL. MEADOWS TAYLOR

23. The Palm-Tree

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there!—the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed;
The lime bough lured the honey-bee

To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers :
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung ;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms :
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar—

The conch-note heard along the shore;
All through his wakening bosom swept—
He clasped his country's tree and wept!

Oh, scorn him not!—the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his hills—
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gushed that childlike tear!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

24. A Visit to Ranjit Singh

Dec. 20th, 1838

Shalimar is the garden where Dr. D. and W. lived when they suffered so much from the heat last year. I believe it is the real Shalimar where Lalla Rookh recognized Feramorz, but we do not happen to have a 'Lalla Rookh' at hand. Sher Singh came to my tent to sit for his picture—such a gorgeous figure! all over diamonds and emeralds; and as it was a first visit, he brought a bag of rupees, which he waved round and threw on the ground, and of which it is indelicate to take the least notice. It is still more indelicate taking them at all, I think, but it cannot be helped. He made a very good picture. He was extremely curious about the arrangement of our tents, and poked about looking into every book and box; and as he went away, he made A. and W. take him round to F.'s tent to look at everything there. I believe nothing can equal the

shock it is to the Sikhs in general to see F. and me going about in this way. They come in crowds to ask for an explanation from the native servants. It is unpleasant being considered so disreputable; but 'conscious worth, patient merit' and all that sort of thing, serve to keep us up, to say nothing of not understanding what they say. F. and I went to sketch in the gardens in the afternoon. They are a thick grove of orange and lime, so that they are cool at all times.

G. settled that he would go too and take a quiet walk and look about him, with only an aide-de-camp. Deluded creature! Inexperienced traveller! The instant he got on his elephant, bang went a gun. Sher Singh and Lehna Singh with their trains appeared, a troop of Sikhs wheeled up and began playing 'God save the Queen' with every other bar left out, which makes rather a pretty air.

Dec. 21st

Yesterday Ranjit gave us a party in the Shalimar Gardens, which were illuminated in every direction. The party was like all the others, except that it was less crowded, and there was an introduction of Afghans. The brother of our enemy Dost Muhammed, who is not fettered by foolish feelings of family affection, has come over to us. He and his sons and followers were rather picturesque, with their enormous coarse turbans and cloth gaberdines, and great jack-boots, amongst all those jewelled Sikhs. Ranjit was extremely civil to them.

I thought one of the amusing incidents of the

evening would be, that I should topple over backwards, chair and all, into the garden below the sort of open summer-house in which we were sitting. Ranjit is particular in the arrangement of his circle—and also rather peculiar. H. and G. were seated just in a corner of the open arch, so as to have a side view of the fireworks, and my chair was put next to Ranjit's in the middle of the arch, with no ledge to the floor and my back to the garden. I moved off on the pretence that I could see nothing, but he sent for me back again, and I think must have been disappointed at the precision with which I sat bolt up-right.

Dec. 23rd

We went yesterday afternoon to a review. The first show of the day was Ranjit's private stud. I suppose fifty horses were led past us. The first had on its emerald trappings, necklaces arranged on its neck and between its ears and in front of the saddle two enormous emeralds, nearly two inches square, carved all over, and set in gold frames, like little looking-glasses. The crupper was all emeralds, and there were stud-ropes of gold put on something like a martingale. Hira Singh said the whole was valued at 37 lakhs (£370,000) but all these valuations are fanciful, as nobody knows the worth of those enormous stones; they are never bought or sold. The next horse was simply attired in diamonds and turquoises, another in pearls, and there was one with trappings of coral and pearl that was very pretty. Their saddle-cloths have stones

woven into them. It reduces European magnificence to a very low pitch.

Dec. 24th

The Maharaja is ill—he has cold and fever—so all parties, etc. are put off. We were to have visited his wives to-day, and to have had great illuminations at the palace; but as it is, we have passed a quiet comfortable day. We sent word to Sher Singh that Christmas-eve was one of our great festivals, and that we could not be disturbed to-day or to-morrow; and we have been quite alone this evening.

Christmas Day

Ranjit still ill. Dr. D. has seen him twice, and says, if he were a common patient, he would be well in a day or two; but they are all alarmed about him as it is. He never will take any medicine whatever. Dr. D. says he has a little glass closet in a corner of his palace with a common charpoy to lie on, and no other furniture whatever, and hardly room for any. The fakir was in attendance, and two or three of his coolies sitting on the ground at the door—the old man was asleep with all his clothes on. When he awoke, they washed his hands and feet, and then called Dr. D. in. He thought his voice very indistinct and I fancy the danger is another stroke of palsy—he had one some years ago. However, he is not much worse than half the camp. This is a very aguish place, and three of the aides-de-camp are laid up with fever and ague. Nine officers of the escort stayed the communion to-day, which is a great many for so *unreligious* a country as India.

It is not *irreligious*, but people live without seeing a clergyman or a church till they forget all about them.

Dec. 29th

It is a pouring day. We are encamped in the old bed of the river, and a very wet bed the river must have slept in. I never saw such a quagmire as my tent is. Nobody has been without a cold since we were at Ferozepore, but the sneezing and coughing never ceases now.

Everybody is paddling about in overshoes, and we were carried to dinner in palanquins, and have trenches dug round our bedrooms, which are full of water.

G. and I went to the leave-taking in the shut carriage, with Kharak Singh and A-. Ranjit looked wonderfully better to-day. An hour was passed in giving *khelwants* to all our gentlemen. He has got a cunning way of cutting off a great many with the 'Bright Star of the Punjab', his new Order. It is worth about fifty rupees.

G. gave this morning the usual *khelwants* of 1,000 rupees to all Ranjit's sirdars: the exchange will be a dead loss to the Company, and will eventually be the death of C. Ranjit's presents to G. were his picture set in diamonds, with two rows of pearls; a sword, match-lock, and belt, much bejewelled; a pair of shawls embroidered in seed-pearl, and the usual accompaniments—nothing very handsome.

When the distribution was ended, Ranjit said to G., 'Now speak some words of friendship to me.' So then G. made his farewell, and

ended by saying he hoped Ranjit would wear a parting gift he had brought—that bunch of emerald grapes we got at Simla.

They produced a great effect. Kharak Singh and Noor Mahal, who were sitting on the other side of me, got up to see them, and there was a murmur of applause, which is unusual at a durbar. Ranjit asked if G. had any request to make to him; and G. said only one more, that he would occasionally wear the ring he was going to put on his finger, and he produced the ring, made of one immense diamond, that was sent up from Calcutta on speculation. It nearly covered Ranjit's little finger, and it was quite odd to see the effect it had on the old man. He raised himself quite up, and called for a candle to put behind it, and seemed quite taken by surprise; and the gentlemen said that they overheard all the Sikhs commenting on the generosity of the Governor-General, and the *real* friendship he must have for the Maharaja to give him such presents. Ranjit took a most tender farewell of us; and so now that is done.

THE HON'BLE MISS EMILY EDEN

25. A Sack and a Half of Chitor

Lakhamsi succeeded his father in S. 1331 (A.D. 1275), a memorable era in the annals, when Chitor, the repository of all that was precious yet untouched of the arts of India, was stormed, sacked, and treated with remorseless barbarity, by the Patnan emperor, Ala-ud-din. Twice it

was attacked by this subjugator of India. In the first siege it escaped spoliation though at the price of its best defenders: that which followed is the first successful assault and capture of which we have any detailed account.

Bhimsi was the uncle of the young Prince, and protector during his minority. He had espoused the daughter of Hamir Sank (Chauhan) of Ceylon, the cause 'of woes unnumbered' to the Sesodias. Her name was Padmini, a title bestowed only on the superlatively fair, and transmitted with renown to posterity by tradition and the song of the bard. Her beauty, accomplishments, exaltation and destruction, with other incidental circumstances, constitute the subject of one of the most popular traditions of Rajwara.

The Hindu bard recognizes the fair, in preference to fame and love of conquest, as the motive for the attack, though this was after a long and fruitless siege. At length the Pathan restricted his desire to a mere sight of this extraordinary beauty, and acceded to the proposal of beholding her through the medium of mirrors. Relying on the faith of the Rajput, he entered Chitor slightly guarded, and having gratified his wish, returned. The Rajput, unwilling to be outdone in confidence, accompanied the King to the foot of the fortress, amidst many complimentary excuses from his guest at the trouble he thus occasioned. It was for this that Ala risked his own safety, relying on the superior faith of the Hindu. Here he had an ambush; Bhimsi was made prisoner, hurried away to the Tartar camp,

and his liberty made dependent on the surrender of Padmini.

Despair reigned in Chitor when this fatal event was known, and it was debated whether Padmini should be resigned as a ransom for their defender. Of this she was informed, and expressed her acquiescence. Having provided wherewithal to secure her from dishonour, she communed with two Chiefs of her own kin and clan of Ceylon, her uncle Gora and his nephew Badal, who devised a scheme for the liberation of their Prince without hazarding her life or fame.

Intimation was despatched to Ala, that on the day he withdrew from the trenches the fair Padmini would be sent, but in a manner befitting her own and his high station, surrounded by her females and handmaids; not only those who would accompany her to Delhi, but many others who desired to pay her this last mark of reverence. Strict commands were to be issued to prevent curiosity from violating the sanctity of female decorum and privacy. No less than seven hundred covered litters proceeded to the royal camp. In each was placed one of the bravest of the defenders of Chitor, borne by six armed soldiers disguised as litter-porters.

They reached the camp. The royal tents were enclosed with *kanats* (walls of cloth); the litters were deposited, and half an hour was granted for a parting interview between the Hindu prince and his bride. They then placed their prince in a litter and returned with him, while the greater number (the supposed damsels) remained

to accompany the fair to Delhi. But Ala had no intention to permit the return of Bhimsi, and was becoming jealous of the long interview he enjoyed, when, instead of the Prince and Padmini, the devoted band issued from their litters; but Ala was too well guarded. Pursuit was ordered, while these covered the retreat till they perished to a man. A fleet horse was in reserve for Bhimsi, on which he was placed and in safety entered the fort, at whose outer gate the host of Ala was encountered.

The chiefest of the heroes of Chitor met the assault. With Gora and Badal at their head, animated by the noblest sentiments, the deliverance of their Chief and the honour of their Queen, they devoted themselves to destruction, and few were the survivors of this slaughter of the flower of Mewar. For a time Ala was defeated in his object, and the havoc they had made in his ranks, joined to the dread of their determined resistance, obliged him to desist from the enterprise.

Of these Sacks they enumerate *three and a half*. This is the 'half': for though the city was not stormed, the best and bravest were cut off. It is described with great animation in the *Khusman Ransa*. Badal was but a stripling of twelve, but the Rajput expects wonders from this early age. He escaped, though wounded, and a dialogue ensues between him and his uncle's wife, who desires him to relate how her lord conducted himself ere she joins him. The stripling replies: 'He was the reaper of the harvest of battle: I

followed his steps as the humble gleaner of his sword. On the gory bed of honour he spread a carpet of the slain; a barbarian prince his pillow, he laid him down, and sleeps surrounded by the foe.' Again she said: 'Tell me, Badal, how did my love behave?'—'Oh! mother, how further describe his deeds, when he left no foe to dread or admire him?' She smiled farewell to the boy, and adding, 'My Lord will chide my delay,' sprang into the flame.

Ala-ud-din, having recruited his strength, returned to his object, Chitor. The annals state this to have been in S. 1346 (A.D. 1290), but Ferishta gives a date thirteen years later. They had not yet recovered the loss of so many valiant men who had sacrificed themselves for their Prince's safety, and Ala carried on his attacks more closely, and at length obtained the hill at the southern point, where he entrenched himself. They still pretend to point out his trenches; but so many have been formed by subsequent attacks, that we cannot credit the assertion. The poet has found in the disastrous issue of this siege admirable materials for his song.

He represents the Hindu, after an arduous day, stretched on his pallet, and during a night of watchful anxiety, pondering on the means by which he might preserve from the general destruction one at least of his twelve sons; when a voice broke on his solitude, exclaiming, 'I am hungry!' and raising his eyes, he saw, by the dim glare of the *chiragh*, advancing between the granite columns, the majestic form of the guardian goddess of Chitor.

'Not satiated,' exclaimed the Rana, 'though eight thousand of my kin were late an offering to thee?'—'I must have regal victims; and if twelve who wear the diadem bleed not for Chitor, the land will pass from the line.' This said she vanished.

On the morn he convened a council of his chiefs, to whom he revealed the vision of the night, which they treated as the dream of a disordered fancy. He commanded their attendance at midnight; when again the form appeared, and repeated the terms on which alone she would remain amongst them. 'Though thousands of barbarians strew the earth, what are they to me? On each day enthroned a Prince. Let the *kirania*, the *chhatra*, and the *chamara* proclaim his sovereignty, and for three days let his decrees be supreme; on the fourth let him meet the foe and his fate. Then only will I remain.'

Whether we have merely the fiction of the poet, or whether the scene was got up to animate the spirit of resistance, matters little,—it is consistent with the belief of the tribe; and that the goddess should openly manifest her wish to retain as her tiara the battlements of Chitor on conditions so congenial to the warlike and superstitious Rajput, was a gage readily taken up, and fully answering the end.

A generous contention arose among the brave brothers who should be the first victim to avert the denunciation. Arsi urged his priority of birth; he was proclaimed, the umbrella waved over his head, and on the fourth day he surrendered his short-lived honours and his life. Ajaisi, the next in birth, demanded to follow; but he was the favourite

son of his father, and at his request he consented to let his brothers precede him. Eleven had fallen in turn, and but one victim remained to the salvation of the city, when the Rana, calling his chiefs around him, said, 'Now I devote myself for Chitor.'

But another awful sacrifice was to precede this act of self-devotion, in that horrible rite; the *Johar*, where the females are immolated to preserve them from pollution or captivity. The funeral pyre was lighted within the great 'subterranean retreat' in chambers impervious to the light of day, and the defenders of Chitor beheld in procession the Queen, their own wives and daughters, to the number of several thousands. The fair Padmini closed the throng, which was augmented by whatever of female beauty or youth could be tainted by Tartar lust. They were conveyed to the cavern, and the opening closed upon them, leaving them to find security from dishonour in the devouring element.

A contest now arose between the Rana and his surviving son; but the father prevailed, and Ajaisi in obedience to his commands, with a small band passed through the enemy's lines, and reached Kelwara in safety. The Rana, satisfied that his line was not extinct, now prepared to follow his brave sons; and calling around him his devoted clans, for whom life had no longer any charms, they threw open the portals and descended to the plain and with a reckless despair carried death or met it, in the crowded ranks of Ala.

The Tartar conqueror took possession of an inanimate capital, strewed with brave defenders,

the smoke yet issuing from the recesses where lay consumed the once fair object of his desire; and since this devoted day the cavern has been sacred; no eye has penetrated its gloom, and superstition has placed as its guardian a huge serpent, whose 'venomous breath' extinguishes the light which might guide intruders to 'the place of sacrifice'.

Thus, fell in A.D. 1303, this celebrated capital, in the round of conquests of Ala-ud-din, one of the most vigorous and warlike sovereigns who have occupied the throne of India. In success, and in one of the means of attainment, a bigoted hypocrisy, he bore a striking resemblance to Aurangzeb; and the title of 'Sikandar-us-Sani' or the Second Alexander, which he assumed and impressed on his coins, was no idle vaunt.

Ala-ud-din remained in Chitor some days admiring the grandeur of his conquest; and having committed every act of barbarity and wanton dilapidation which a bigoted zeal could suggest, overthrowing the temples and other monuments of art, he delivered the city in charge to Maldeo, the chief of Jalor, whom he had conquered and enrolled among his vassals. The palace of Bhim and the fair Padmini alone appears to have escaped the wrath of Ala; it would be pleasing could we suppose any kinder sentiment suggested the exception, which enables the author of these annals to exhibit the abode of the fair of Ceylon.

JAMES TOD

26. In Maharashtra

O, I have loved the meadows green,
And mountains with their splashing rills,
Yet never was my heart so stirred
As by Shivaji's barren hills.

Across the leagues of parching soil
That glare relentless to the eyes,
They rear their grey embattled crests
With majesty that never dies.

What scenes they saw, what sounds they heard
In those far off heroic days,
When Maharashtra's peerless King
Flashed down their stony winding ways!

Who knows, but in this very place,
Beside this shrine of Hanuman,
To fit themselves to serve their lord,
Shivaji's youths in contests ran?

And here, perchance, at festivals,
The King himself would come and stand,
To choose the worthiest for the cause,
To guard the welfare of the land.

The vision fades. Upon the plain
A starving ploughman tills the soil;
To keep the famine from his door—
The highest hope of all his toil.

But from the hills a whisper comes,
Which echoes down those stony ways;
'The soul of India does not die:
She has not seen Her greatest days.'

F. G. PEARCE

27. Lalla Rookh

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurangzeb, Abdulla, King of the Lesser Bukhara, a lineal descendant from the great Chingiz, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Kashmir, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurangzeb in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.

During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh—a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila, Shirin, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Kashmir; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bukhara.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest of tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their

banners shining in the water ; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses ; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khōtan had passed through it.

The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her ; and, while Aurangzeb stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Kashmir in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle drums at the bows of their saddles ;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold ;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens ;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little

antique temples, within which the Ladies of Lalla Rookh lay as it were enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Kashmirian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladin, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladin was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line from Sadi,—‘Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.’ And his zeal for religion, of which Aurangzeb was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jagannath.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the

shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as ‘places of melancholy, delight and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle doves;’—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladin (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave, who sang sweetly to the *Vina*, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra; the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodhaver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great

Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladin, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Kashmir, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladin elevated his critical eyebrows, and having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen, no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Krishna,—such as he appears to their young

imaginings, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearls disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however, they might give way to Fadladin upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Kashmirian held in his hand a *kitar*—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorasan, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and began.

* * * *

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of the two lovers, Azim and Zuleka, told of in that tale. Her gaiety was

gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladin. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Ishtakar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorasan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladin's criticisms upon it in that strain, so well-known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi, whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladin, yet his censures, so magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it tolerable to the patient. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and resolving to hear more as speedily as possible.

In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister, Roshanara, during their progress to Kashmir, some years before. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of one of the peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like

this might make amends for the Paradise they have lost, the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a story of a peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. 'It is,' said he, with an appealing look to Fadladin, 'in a lighter and humbler strain than the other.'

'And this,' said the Great Chamberlain, when he had ended, 'is poetry! This flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold-filigree work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!' 'In short,' added he, 'it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race.'

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent commonplaces, reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladin: he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion and, though little versed in the beauties and sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both.

They then arrived at the splendid city of

Lahore. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Kashmir, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of Shalimar for her reception. The chill which she felt on receiving this intelligence—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure—convinced her that her peace had gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers. She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bukhara might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended

to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary.

One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered went to Lalla Rookh's heart; and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help

feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they had left Lahore. At a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam had dawned upon it.

A slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

'That venerable tower,' he told them, 'was the remains of an ancient Fire-temple. Driven out by their bigoted Arab conquerors, they had fled hither, and he could not but sympathize with their glorious though unsuccessful struggles for religious freedom.'

Fadladin sat aghast, ejaculating at intervals, 'Bigoted conquerors! —Sympathy with Fire-worshippers!'—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story of one of these struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters,

which he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess.

After the tale was concluded, the Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan Sen.

The singular placidity with which Fadladin had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the Poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of the recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the *chabuk* would be advisable. Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism.

After another tedious march of over a week, the whole party spent some delightful days of rest in the beautiful Valley of Hasan Abdal, two miles from which were those famous Royal Gardens, sacred to the loves of the Sultana Nurmahal and the Emperor Jehangir. Feramorz here proposed to recite a short story, or rather

rhapsody, which related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which had taken place between the royal pair, during a Feast of Roses, at Kashmir. As the story was to be told chiefly in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the Valley, he borrowed the *Vina* of Lalla Rookh's little Persian slave.

Fadladin at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Kashmirian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, 'frivolous'—'inharmonious'—'nonsensical', he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, slight, gilded things that are sent adrift, without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board.

At last they began to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Kashmir from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her.

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the

fresh airs and the enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled. But neither the coolness of the atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step that she advanced.

The morning after her arrival was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant! In the barge immediately after the Princess sat Fadladin, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the

King, 'concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the *chabuk* as connected therewith'.

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Gulbarga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bukhara, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.

Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bukhara, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering
to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she
goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming
half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its
own.

Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of
stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of
Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young
people meet.—

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks.
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a
lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that
opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

which, since his time, have been made public only by fragments—by mere specimens—bearing to those vast treasures of Sanskrit literature such small proportion as cabinet samples of ore have to the riches of a mine. Yet these twain mighty poems contain all the history of ancient India, so far as it can be recovered, together with such inexhaustible details of its political, social, and religious life that the antique Hindu world really stands epitomized in them.

The Old Testament is not more interwoven with the Jewish race, nor the New Testament with the civilization of Christendom, nor the Koran with the records and destinies of Islam, than are these two Sanskrit poems—the Mahabharata and the Ramayana—with that unchanging and teeming population which Her Majesty Queen Victoria rules as Empress of Hindustan. The stories, songs, and ballads, the histories and genealogies, the nursery tales and religious discourses, the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought; the very phrases, sayings, turns of expression and daily ideas of the Hindu people, are taken from these poems. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets, and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible—generation after generation—to all the succeeding and countless millions of Indian people; and it replaces patriotism with that race, and stands in stead of nationality, to possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers.

The value ascribed in Hindustan to these yet little-known epics has transcended all literary standards established in the West. They are personified, worshipped and cited from as something divine. To read or even listen to them is thought by the devout Hindu sufficiently meritorious to bring prosperity to his household here and happiness in the next world; they are held also to give wealth to the poor, health to the sick, wisdom to the ignorant; and the recitation of certain *parvas* and *slokas* in them can fill the household of the barren, it is believed, with children. A concluding passage of the great poem says:

‘The reading of this Mahabharata destroys all sin and produces virtue; so much so, that the pronounciation of a single *sloka* is sufficient to wipe away much guilt. This Mahabharata contains the history of the gods, of the *Rishis* in heaven and those on earth, of the *Gandharvas* and the *Rakshasas*. It also contains the life and actions of the one God, holy, immutable, and true,—who is Krishna, who is the creator and the ruler of this universe; who is seeking the welfare of his creation by means of his incomparable and indestructible power; whose actions are celebrated by all sages; who has bound human beings in a chain, of which one end is life and the other death; on whom the *Rishis* meditate, and a knowledge of whom imparts unalloyed happiness to their hearts, and for whose gratification and favour all the daily devotions are performed by all worshippers. If a man reads the Mahabharata and

has faith in its doctrines, he is free from all sin, and ascends to heaven after his death.'

The account of the central theme, the eighteen days' terrific battle between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, has many episodes and interruptions, some very eloquent and philosophic; indeed, the whole Bhagavad Gita comes in hereabouts as a religious interlude. Essays on laws, morals, and sciences are grafted, with lavish indifference to the continuous flow of the narrative, upon its most important portions; but there is enough of solid and tremendous fighting, notwithstanding, to pale the crimson pages of the Greek Iliad itself. Towards its close the great poem softens its martial music into a pathetic strain. The dead have to be burned, and the living reconciled to their new lords.

Yudhishtira sits grandly on his throne; but earthly greatness does not content the soul of man, nor can riches render weary hearts happy. A wonderful scene, which reads like a rebuke from the dead addressed to the living upon the madness of all war, occurs in this part of the poem. The Pandavas and the old King Dhritarashtra being together by the banks of the Ganges, the great saint Vyasa undertakes to bring back to them all the departed, slain in their fratricidal conflict. The spectacle is at once terrible and tender.

But this revealing of the invisible world deepens the discontent of the victors, and when the sage Vyasa tells them that their prosperity is near its end, they determine to leave their kingdom to younger princes, and to set out with their faces towards Mount Meru, where is Indra's heaven.

If, haply, they may reach it, there will be an end of this world's joys and sorrows and 'union with the Infinite' will be obtained.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD
(*Abridged*)

30. The Entry into Heaven

Then Janmejaya said : ' I am fain to learn
How it befell with my great forefathers,
The Pandu chiefs and Dhritarashtra's sons,
Being to heaven ascended. If thou knowest,—
And thou knowest all, whom wise Vyasa taught,—
Tell me, how fared it with those mighty souls? '
Answered the Sage: ' Hear of thy forefathers—
Great Yudhishthira and the Pandu lords—
How it befell. When thus the blameless king
Was entered into heaven, there he beheld
Duryodhana, his foe, throned as a god
Amid the gods; splendidly sate that prince,
Peaceful and proud, the radiance of his brows
Far-shining like the sun's; and round him thronged
Spirits of light, with *Sadhyas*,—companies
Goodly to see. But when the king beheld
Duryodhana in bliss, and not his own,—
Not Draupadi, nor Bhima, nor the rest,—
With quick averted face and angry eyes
The monarch spake: "Keep heaven for such as
these.

I cannot look upon him! Sith 'tis so,
Where are my brothers? Thither will I go!
With Bhima! ah, my Bhima! dearer far
Than life to me; Arjuna, like a god,

Nakla and Sahadev, twin lords of war,
 With tenderest Draupadi! Show me those souls!
 I cannot tarry where I have them not.
 Bliss is not blissful, just and mighty Ones!
 Save if I rest beside them. Heaven is there
 Where Love and Faith make heaven. Let me go!"

'And answer made the hearkening Heavenly Ones:
 "Go, if it seemeth good to thee, dear Son!
 The King of gods commands we do thy will."'

'So saying,' (the Bard went on) 'Dharma's own voice
 Gave ordinance, and from the shining bands
 A golden *Deva* glided, taking hest
 To guide the king there where his kinsmen were.

So wended these, the holy angel first,
 And in his steps the king, close following.
 Together passed they through the gates of pearl,
 Together heard them close; then to the left
 Descending, by a path evil and dark,
 Hard to be traversed, rugged, entered they
 The "SINNERS' ROAD". The tread of sinful feet
 Matted the thick thorns carpeting its slope;
 The smell of sin hung foul on them; the mire
 About their roots was trampled filth of flesh
 Horrid with rottenness, and splashed with gore.

* * * * *

'By such a path the king passed, sore afeared.
 If he had known of fear, for the air stank
 With carrion stench. . . . Said he: "Whither goes
 This hateful road, and where be they I seek,
 Yet find not?" Answer made the Heavenly One:

"Hither, great King, it was commanded me
 To bring thy steps. If thou be'st overborne,
 It is commanded that I lead thee back
 To where the Gods wait. Wilt thou turn and
 mount?"

'Then (O thou Son of Bharat!) Yudhishtira
 Turned heavenward his face, so was he moved
 With horror and the hanging stench, and spent
 By toil of that black travel. But his feet
 Scarce one stride measured, when about the place
 Pitiful accents rang: "Alas, sweet King!
 Ah, saintly Lord! One moment more! Go not;
 Thou, Victor of the Kurus! being here,
 Hell softens, and our bitter pains relax."

'These pleadings, wailing all around the place,
 Heard the King Yudhishtira—words of woe
 Humble and eager; and compassion seized
 His lordly mind. "Poor souls unknown!" he
 sighed.

Therefore he called aloud, "Who speaks to me?
 What do ye here, and what things suffer ye?"
 Then from the black depth piteously there came
 Answers of whispered suffering: "Karna I,
 O King!" and yet another, "O my Liege,
 Thy Bhima speaks!" and then a voice again,
 "I am Arjuna, Brother!" and again,
 "Nakla is here and Sahadev!" and last
 A moan of music from the darkness sighed,
 "Draupadi cries to thee!" Thereat broke forth
 The monarch's spirit,—knowing so the sound
 Of each familiar voice,—“What doom is this?

What have my well-beloved wrought to earn
 Death with the damned, or life loathlier than death
 In Narak's midst? Hath Karna erred so deep?
 Bhima, Arjuna, or the glorious twins
 Or she, the slender-waisted, sweetest, best,
 My princess,—that Duryodhana should sit
 Peaceful in Paradise with all his crew,
 Throned by Mahendra and the shining gods?
 How should these fail of bliss, and he attain?"

* * * * *

'For pity and for pain the king waxed wroth.
 That soul fear could not shake, nor trials tire,
 Burned terrible with tenderness, the while
 His eyes searched all the gloom, his planted feet
 Stood fast in the mid horrors. Well-nigh, then,
 He cursed the gods: well-nigh that steadfast mind
 Broke from its faith in virtue. But he stayed
 The indignant passion, softly speaking this
 Unto the angel: "Go to those thou servest;
 Tell them I come not thither. Say I stand
 Here in the throat of hell, and here will bide—
 Nay, if I perish—while my well-beloved
 Win ease and peace by any pains of mine."

'Whereupon naught replied the Shining One,
 But straight repaired unto the upper light,
 Where Sakra sate above the gods, and spake
 Before the gods the message of the king.'

'Afterward what befell?' the prince inquired.
 'Afterward, Princely One!' replied the Sage,
 'Thus spake the God of gods these gracious words
 To Yudhishtira, standing in that place:

" King Yudhishtira ! O thou long-armed Lord,
 This is enough ! All heaven is glad of thee.
 It is enough ! Come, thou most blessed one,
 Unto thy peace, well-gained. Lay now aside
 Thy loving wrath, and hear the speech of Heaven.
 It is appointed that all kings see hell.
 The reckonings for the life of men are twain :
 Of each man's righteous deeds a tally true,
 A tally true of each man's evil deeds.
 Who hath wrought little right, to him is paid
 A little bliss in *Swarga*, then the woe
 Which purges ; who much right hath wrought,
from him

The little ill by lighter pains is cleansed,
 And then the joys. Sweet is peace after pain,
 And bitter, pain which follows peace ; yet they
 Who sorely sin, taste of the heaven they miss,
 And they that suffer quit their debt at last.
 Lo ! We have loved thee, laying hard on thee
 Grievous assaults of soul, and this black road.
 Bethink thee : by a semblance once, dear Son !
 Drona thou didst beguile ; and once, dear Son !
 Semblance of hell hath so thy sin assoiled,
 Which passeth with these shadows. Even thus
 Thy Bhima came a little space to account,
 Draupadi, Krishna,—all whom thou didst love,
 Never again to lose ! Come, First of Men !
 These be delivered and their quittance made.

* * * * *
 " Now therefore wash thee in this holy stream,
 Ganga's pure fount, whereof the bright waves
bless
 All the Three Worlds. It will so change thy flesh

To likeness of th'immortal, thou shalt leave
 Passions and aches and tears behind thee there."

* * * * *

'Thus high-accosted, the rejoicing king
 (Thy ancestor, O Liege!) proceeded straight
 Unto that river's brim, which floweth pure
 Through the Three Worlds, mighty, and sweet,
and praised.
 There, being bathed, the body of the king
 Put off its mortal, coming up arrayed
 In grace celestial, washed from soils of sin,
 From passion, pain, and change. So, hand in hand
 With brother-gods, glorious went Yudhishtira,
 Lauded by softest minstrelsy, and songs
 Of unknown music, where those heroes stood—
 The princes of the Pandavas, his kin—
 And lotus-eyed and loveliest Draupadi,
 Waiting to greet him, gladdening and glad.'

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

31. French Successes in South India

The empire which Babur and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince; or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindustan, amazed even travellers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi dazzled even eyes which

were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys who held their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of despotism, and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house produced a long series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. Fierce tribes of Hindus, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the government from the mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite, however, of much constant maladministration, in spite of occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy, on the whole retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But throughout the long reign of Aurangzeb, the state, notwithstanding all that the vigour and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707.

the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without co-operated with an incurable decay which was fast proceeding within; and in a few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition.

During the forty years which followed the death of Aurangzeb, a succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bhang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindustan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Ranjit Singh. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajputana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilkhand. The Sikhs ruled on the Indus. The Jats spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many and desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurangzeb that this wild

clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Marathas. Many fertile vice-royalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Maratha captains reigned at Poona, at Gwalior, in Gujerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyaena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title, stooped to pay this ignominious blackmail. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar; and the name of the Maratha ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Moguls retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the

house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driveller among the later Carlovingsians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honour. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad.

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue for centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Maratha to be the Lord of India? Was another Babur to descend from the mountains, and to lead the hardy tribes of Kabul and Khorasan against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Maratha and Mussulman to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a

hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Brahmaputra, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Kandahar.

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme, at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which a European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam. The arts, both of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

The situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, either

in old laws or in recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty; and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion, by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the West and analogies drawn from the feudal system. If it was convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so. He was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as a hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Babur in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was *de facto* dissolved, and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindustan.

In the year 1748, died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam-ul-Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nasir Jang. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive.

It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the Government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Muzaffar Jang, a grandson of Nizam-ul-Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nasir Jang. Chanda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law, it was easy for both Muzaffar Jang and Chanda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right; in a society altogether disorganized, they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India; this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoy's disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Muhammad Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a

scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nasir Jang perished by the hands of his own followers; Muzaffar Jang was master of the Deccan; and the triumph of the French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries, and *Te Deum* sung in the churches. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies; and the ceremony of installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mohammedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and, in the pageant which followed, took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kistna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chanda Sahib. He was entrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroys of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French Governor. It was rumoured that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit

to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honour or emolument could be obtained from the Government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Muzaffar Jang survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which, in the short space of four years, a European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vain-glorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nasir Jang and the elevation of Muzaffar, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it arose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatehabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

LORD MACAULAY

32. The Siege of Arcot

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognize Muhammad Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Muhammad Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chanda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and rule them. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress, had served only to expose their own weakness, and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all

his powers. He represented to his superiors that, unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the House of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and entrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy's armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive knew well that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his

approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chanda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Raja Sahib, son of Chanda Sahib.

Raja Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging,

was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the Government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Marathas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Murari Rao, had been hired to assist Muhammad Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and

the triumph of Chanda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Murari Rao declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had the spirit to help themselves. Raja Sahib learned that the Marathas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Raja Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mohammedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Husain the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his last prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the

Prophet of God. After the lapse of nearly twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. It was this time that Raja Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bhang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three

desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Murari Rao's army and hastened by forced marches, to attack Raja Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp, but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Raja Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into British service. Conjeeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arni deserted Chanda Sahib, and recognized the title of Muhammad Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been entrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally

present, protracted the struggle. The Marathas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this langour was, that in no long time Raja Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be razed to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

The government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to reinforce the garrison of

Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture, Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterized Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good humour in a subordinate capacity. But Lawrence had early treated him with kindness; and it is bare justice to Clive to say that, proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was not qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of capacity; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged

and compelled to capitulate. Chanda Sahib fell into the hands of the Marathas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor Muhammad Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

LORD MACAULAY

33. Soldiers of Ind

Men of the Hills and men of the Plains, men
of the Isles and Sea,
Brothers in bond of battle and blood wherever
the battle may be ;
A song and a thought for your fighting line, a
song for the march and camp,
A song to the beat of the rolling drums, a song
to the measured tramp,
When the feet lift on the dusty road 'neath
sun and moon and star,
And the prayer is prayed by mother and maid for
their best beloved afar.

What say the Plains? The Plains that stretch along
 From hamlet and from field, from fold and byre :
 ' Here once toiled one who sang his peasant song
 And now reaps harvest 'mid the tribesmen's
 fire.'

The Spirit of a mightier world than springs
 From his poor native village led him on
 To glory : ' Yea—to Glory ! ' Ever sings
 The Spirit of the Plains when he is gone.

What say the Hills whence comes the Gurkha
 breed—
 The bull-dogs of the East ! From crest and vale
 Reverberate the echoes, swift they speed
 On falling waters or the mountain gale—
 ' Our hillmen brave as lions have gone forth.
 They were our sons ; we bred them, even we,—
 To face thy foemen, Islands of the North—
 We know their worth and sing it thus to thee !'

What say the Passes ? There the requiem
 Of battle lingers o'er the undying dead—
 ' Our soldiers of the Sun, whose diadem
 Of Honour glitters in the nullah bed,
 Or by hillside drear, or dark ravine,
 Or on the *sangared* steep—a solemn ray
 That touches thus the thing that once had been,
 With Glory ! Glory ! '—So the Passes say !

And so the great world hears, and men's eyes
 blaze,
 As each one to his neighbour cries ' Well done ! '
 A little thing this speech, this flower of praise,
 Yet let it crown our Soldiers of the Sun.

Not here alone, for here we know them well,
 But tell our English waiting on the shore
 To welcome back their heroes: 'Lo! these fell
 Even as ours, as brave, for evermore!'

I hear the roar amid the London street.

The Earth hath not its equal, whether it be
 For ignorance or knowledge, and the feet

That press therein, and eyes that turn to see
 Know nothing of our Sepoys—let them know

That here be men beneath whose dark skin runs
 A battle virtue kindred with the glow

That fires the leaping pulses of our sons.

'Tis worth proclaiming. Yes, it seems to me

This loyalty—to Death—lies close akin
 To all the noblest human traits that be

Engendered whence we know not—yet within
 Choice spirits nobly gathered. Lo! we stand,

Needs must, against the world. Yet war's
 alarms

Are nothing to our mightiest Motherland

While Nation circles Nations in her arms.

J. R. DENNING

34. Tiger Shooting on a Grand Scale

Mr. Currie Ghyrkins, whose long experience had made him as cool when after tigers as when reading the *Pioneer* in his shady bungalow at Simla, had taken Miss Westonhaugh with him in his howdah, and as an additional precaution for her safety, the little collector of Pegnugger, who was a dead shot, only allowed

two pad elephants to move between himself and Ghyrkins. As there were thirty-seven animals in all, the rest of the party were much scattered. I thought there were too many elephants for our six howdahs, but it turned out that I was mistaken, for we had capital sport. The magistrate of Pegnugger, who knew the country thoroughly, was made the despot of the day. His orders were obeyed unquestioningly and unconditionally, and we halted in long line or marched onwards, forcing a passage through every obstacle, at his word.

We might have been out a couple of hours, watching every patch of jungle and blade of long rank grass for a sight of the striped skin, writhing through the reeds, that we so longed to see, when the quick, short, crack of a rifle away to the right brought us to a halt, and everyone drew a long breath and turned, gun in hand, in the direction whence the sound had come. It was Kildare; he had met his first tiger, and the first also of the hunt.

He had put up the animal not five paces in front of him, stealing along in the cool grass and hoping to escape between the elephants, in the cunning way they often do. He had fired a snapshot too quickly, inflicting a wound in the flank which only served to rouse the tiger to madness. With a leap that seemed to raise its body perpendicularly from the ground, the gorgeous creature flew into the air and settled right on the head of Kildare's elephant, while the terrified mahout wound himself round the howdah.

It would have been a trying position for the oldest sportsman, but to be brought into such terrific encounter at arm's length, almost at one's very first experience of the chase, was a terrible test of nerve. Those who were near said that in that awful moment Kildare never changed colour. The elephant plunged wildly in his efforts to shake off the beast from his head, but Kildare had seized his second gun the moment he had discharged the first, and aiming for one second only, as the tossing head and neck of the tusker brought the gigantic cat opposite him, fired again. The fearful claws, driven deep and sure into the thick hide of the poor elephant, relaxed their hold, the beautiful lithe limbs straightened by their own perpendicular weight, and the first prize of the day dropped to the ground like lead, dead, shot through the head.

A great yell of triumph arose all along the line, and the little mahout crept cautiously back from his lurking-place behind the howdah to see if the coast was clear. Kildare had behaved splendidly, and shouts of congratulation reached his ears from all sides. Miss Westonhaugh waved her handkerchief in token of approbation, every one applauded, and far away to the left Isaacs, who was in the last howdah, clapped his hands vigorously, and sent his high clear voice ringing like a trumpet down the line.

'Well done, Kildare! well done, indeed!' and his rival's praise was not the least grateful to Lord Steepleton on that day.

Meanwhile the shikaris gathered around the

fallen beast. It proved to be a young tigress some eight feet long, and the clean bright coat showed that she was no man-eater. So the pad elephant came alongside, to use a nautical phrase not inappropriate, and kneeling down received its burden willingly, well knowing that the slain beauty was one of his deadly foes. The mahout pronounced the elephant on which Kildare was mounted able to proceed, and only a few huge drops of blood marked where the tigress had kept her hold.

We moved on again, beating the jungle, wheeling and doubling the long line, wherever it seemed likely that some striped monster might have eluded us. Marching and counter-marching through the heat of the day, we picked up another prize in the afternoon. It was a large old tiger, nine feet six as he lay; he fell an easy prey to the gun of the little collector of Pegnugger, who sent a bullet through his heart at the first shot and smiled rather contemptuously as he removed the empty shell of the cartridge from his gun. He would rather have had Kildare's chance in the morning.

* * * *

In the course of time we became a little *blasé* about tigers, till on the eighth day from the beginning of the hunt, which was a Thursday, I remember, an incident occurred which left a lasting impression on the mind of everyone who witnessed it. It was a very hot morning, the hottest day we had had, and we had just crossed a nullah in the forest, full from the recent rains, wherein the elephants lingered lovingly to splash

the water over their heated sides, drowning the swarms of mosquitoes from which they suffer such torments, in spite of thick skins. The collector called a halt on the opposite side; our line of march had become somewhat disordered by the passage, and numerous tracks in the pasty black mud showed that the nullah was a favourite resort of tigers—though at this time of day they might be a long distance off. I had come next to the collector after we emerged from the stream, the pad elephants having lingered longer in the water, and Mr. Ghyrkins with Miss Westonhaugh was three or four paces beyond me. It was shady and cool under the thick trees, and the light was not good. The collector bent over his howdah, looking at some tracks.

‘Those tracks look suspiciously fresh, Mr. Griggs,’ said the collector, scrutinizing the holes, not yet filled by the oozing back water of the nullah, ‘Don’t you think so?’

‘Indeed, yes. I do not understand it at all,’ I replied.

At the collector’s call a couple of beaters came forward and stooped down to examine the trail. One of them, a good-looking young *gorwala*, or cowherd, followed along the footprints, examining each to be sure that he was not going on a false spoor; he moved slowly, scrutinizing each hole, as the trees grew shallower on the rising ground, approaching a bit of small jungle. My sight followed the probable course of the track ahead of him and something caught my eyes, which are remarkably good, even at a great

distance. The object was brown and hairy; a dark brown, not the kind of colour one expects to see in the jungle in September. I looked closely, and was satisfied that it must be part of an animal; still more clearly I saw it, and no doubt remained in my mind; it was the head of a bullock or heifer. I shouted to the man to be careful, to stop and let the elephants plough through the undergrowth, as only elephants can. But he did not understand my Hindustani, which was of the civilized *Urdu* kind learnt in the North-West Provinces.

The man went quickly along, and I tried to make the collector comprehend what I saw. But the pad elephants were coming out of the water and forcing themselves between our beasts, and he hardly caught what I said in the confusion. The track led away to my left, nearly opposite to the elephant bearing Mr. Ghyrkins and his niece. The little Pegnugger man was on my right. The native held on, moving more and more rapidly as he found himself following a single track.

I shouted to him—to Ghyrkins—to everybody, but they could not make the doomed man understand what I saw—the freshly slain head of the tiger's last victim. There was little doubt that the king himself was near by—probably in that suspicious-looking bit of green jungle, slimy green too, as green is, that grows in sticky chocolate-coloured mud. The young fellow was courageous, and ignorant of the immediate danger, and, above all, he was on the look out for *bucksheesh*. He reached the reeds and unclean

vegetables that grew thick and foul together in the little patch. He put one foot into the bush.

A great fiery yellow and black head rose cautiously above the level of the green and paused a moment, glaring. The wretched man, transfixed with terror stood stock still, expecting death. Then he moved, as if to throw himself on one side, and at the same instant the tiger made a dash at his naked body, such a dash as a relentless cat makes at a gold-fish trying to slide away from its grip. The tiger struck the man a heavy blow on the right shoulder, felling him like a log, and coming down to a standing position over his prey, with one paw on the native's right arm. Probably the parade of elephants and bright coloured howdahs, and the shouts of the beaters and shikaris, distracted his attention for a moment. He stood whirling his tail to right and left, with half dropped jaw and flaming eyes, half pressing, half grabbing the fleshy arm of the senseless man beneath him— impatient, alarmed and horrible.

'Pack!!! Pi-i-i-i-ing...' went the crack and the sing of the merry rifle, and the scene changed.

With a yell like a soul in everlasting torment the great beast whirled himself into the air, ten feet at least; and fell dead beside his victim, shot through breast and breastbone and heart. A dead silence fell on the spectators. Then I looked, and saw Miss Westonhaugh holding out a second gun to Mr. Ghyrkins, while he, seeing that the first had done its work, leaned forward, his broad

he pale with the extremity of his horror for the man's danger, and his hands gripping at the empty rifle.

* * * *

I dropped over the edge of the howdah and made for the spot, running. I reflected as I ran that tigers are often very deceptive and always lie hard, and I am a cautious person, so when I was near I pulled out my long army six-shooter, and, going within arm's length, quietly put a bullet through the beast's eye as a matter of safety. When he was cut up, however, the ball from the rifle of Mr. Ghyrkins was found in his heart; the old fellow was a dead shot still.

I went up and examined the prostrate man. He was lying on his face, and so I picked him up and propped his head against the dead tiger. He was still breathing, but a very little examination proved that his right collar-bone and the bone of his upper arm were broken. A little brandy revived him, and he immediately began to scream with pain. I was soon joined by the collector, who with characteristic promptitude had torn and hewed some broad slats of bamboo from his howdah, and with a little pulling and wrenching, and the help of my long, tough turban-cloth, a real native *pugrec*, we set and bound the arm as best we could, giving the poor fellow brandy all the while. The collar-bone we left to its own devices; an injury there takes care of itself.

An elephant came up and received the dead tiger, and the man was carried off and placed in my howdah. The other animals with their riders

had gathered near the scene, and every one had something to say to Ghyrkins, who by his brilliant shot and the life he had saved, had maintained his reputation, and come off the hero of the whole campaign. Miss Westonhaugh was speechless with horror at the whole thing, and seemed to cling to her uncle, as if fearing something of the same kind might happen to her at any moment. Isaacs, as usual the last on the line of beating, came up and called out his congratulations.

'Great shot, sir! I envy you,' said Kildare.

'Splendid shot. A hundred yards at least,' said John Westonhaugh meditatively, but in a loud voice.

So we swung away to camp, though it was early. Ghyrkins chuckled, and the man with the broken arm groaned. But between the different members of the party he would be a rich man before he was well. We reached camp about three o'clock, in the heat of the afternoon. The injured beater was put in a servant's tent to be sent off to Pegnugger in a litter in the cool of the night. There was a doctor there who would take care of him under the collector's written orders.

F. MARION CRAWFORD

35. The Sufferings of the Carnatic

I must take it upon myself to bring before you the real condition of that abused, insulted, racked and ruined country; though in truth my mind revolts from it; though you will hear it with

horror; and I confess I tremble when I think on these awful and confounding dispensations of Providence. I shall first trouble you with a few words as to the cause.

The great fortunes made in India, in the beginnings of conquest, naturally excited an emulation in all the parts, and through the whole succession, of the Company's service. But in the Company it gave rise to other sentiments. They did not find the new channels of acquisition flow with equal riches to them. On the contrary, the high flood-tide of private emolument was generally in the lowest ebb of their affairs. The Company's servants, instead of carrying on wars in their own name, contrived an authority, at once irresistible and irresponsible in whose name they might ravage at pleasure and being thus freed from all restraint, they indulged themselves in the most extravagant speculations of plunder. They in order to possess themselves of every country in India, as fast as it should be conquered, inspired into the mind of the Nabob of Arcot (then a dependent on the Company of the humblest order) a scheme of the most wild and desperate ambition, that I believe ever was admitted into the thoughts of a man so situated. First, they persuaded him to consider himself as a principal member in the political system of Europe. In the next place they held out to him, and he readily imbibed the idea of the general empire of Hindostan.

On this scheme of their servants, the Company was to appear in the Carnatic in no other

light than as a contractor for the provision of armies, and the hire of mercenaries for his use, and under his direction. This disposition was to be secured by the Nabob's putting himself under the guarantee of France and by means of that rival nation, preventing the English for ever from assuming an equality, much less a superiority, in the Carnatic. In pursuance of this treasonable project (treasonable on the part of the English) they extinguished the Company as a sovereign power in that part of India.

Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian chief called Haidar Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the Company under the name of the Nabob of Arcot does the eastern division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Haidar Ali. They declared the Nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel, at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part, it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council

of English creditors would not suffer their Nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan of the Nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Haidar Ali.

When at length Haidar Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of his vengeance and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors

of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by an hundred a day in the streets of Madras;

every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and way-lay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is; but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are a species of horror so nauseating to the hearers, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Haidar Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally;—I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception,

who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Every day you are fatigued and disgusted with this cant: 'The Carnatic is a country that will soon recover and become instantly as prosperous as ever.' They think they are talking to innocents, who will believe that by the sowing of dragons' teeth, men may come up ready grown and ready armed.

The Carnatic is not by the bounty of nature a fertile soil. The general size of its cattle is proof enough that it is much otherwise. The Carnatic is refreshed by few or no living brooks or running streams, and it has rain only at a season; but its product of rice exacts the use of water subject to perpetual command. This is the national bank of the Carnatic, on which it must have a perpetual credit, or it perishes irretrievably. For that reason, in the happier times of India, a number, almost incredible, of reservoirs have been made in chosen places throughout the whole country; they are formed for the greater part of mounds of earth and stones, with sluices of solid masonry; the whole constructed with admirable skill and labour, and maintained at a mighty charge. In this territory I have been at the trouble of reckoning the reservoirs, and they amount to upwards of eleven

hundred, from the extent of two or three acres to five miles in circuit. From these reservoirs, currents are occasionally drawn over the fields, and these water-courses again call for a considerable expense to keep them properly scoured and duly levelled. In the whole of the Carnatic and Tanjore there cannot be fewer than ten thousand of these reservoirs of the larger and middling dimensions, to say nothing of those for domestic services, and the uses of religious purification. These are not the enterprises of your power, nor in a style of magnificence suited to the taste of your minister. These are the monuments of real kings, who were the fathers of their people; testators to a posterity which they embraced as their own. These are the grand sepulchres built by ambition; but by the ambition of an insatiable benevolence, which, not contented with reigning in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted term of human life, had strained, with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind, to extend the dominion of their bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate themselves through generations of generations, the guardians, the protectors, the nourishers of mankind.

Long before the late invasion, everywhere the reservoirs were fallen into a miserable decay. But after those domestic enemies had provoked the entry of a cruel foreign foe into the country, he did not leave it, until his revenge had completed the destruction begun by their avarice. Few, very few indeed, of these magazines of water

that are not either totally destroyed, or cut through with such gaps, as to require a serious attention and much cost to re-establish them as the means of present subsistence to the people, and of future revenue to the state.

What would a virtuous and enlightened ministry do on the view of the ruins of such works before them? On the view of such a chasm of desolation as that which yawned in the midst of those countries to the north and south, which still bore some vestiges of cultivation? They would have reduced all their most necessary establishments; they would have suspended the justest payments; they would have employed every shilling derived from the producing, to re-animate the powers of the unproductive parts. While they were performing this fundamental duty, whilst they were celebrating those mysteries of justice and humanity, they would have told the corps of fictitious creditors whose crimes were their claims, that they must keep an awful distance; that they must silence their inauspicious tongues; that they must hold off their profane unhallowed paws from this holy work; they would have proclaimed with a voice that should make itself heard, that on every country the first creditor is the plough; that this original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand.

This is what a wise and virtuous ministry would have done and said. This, therefore, is what our minister could never think of saying or doing!

EDMUND BURKE

PART III—REFLECTIVE

36. First Impressions of Tagore in Europe

That year (1912) made a record in rainfall in Western Europe. Fortunate individuals who wandered as far eastward as Copenhagen smiled pitifully on those of us who dwell under the Atlantic cloud; but there were compensations. Mine announced itself in a note from a friend who happened to be staying at her sea-side house on the coast of Normandy, to the effect that as we were all evidently destined to be drowned, we might as well all perish together. The note added, 'Mr. Yeats is here.'

Our luck turned out to be greater than our dreams of it. Instead of one poet, we had two: one in the flesh, the tall, dark, ever-distinguished leader of the Irish literary and dramatic movement: one in the spirit, almost, as it were, in a pre-natal state awaiting birth in the English language, but living royally, vitally, in the splendid imagination and enkindled joy of another: one was Yeats, the other Tagore.

I have often wondered if the immortal singer of the songs of the spirit in the East has come near a realization of the place that his songs occupied in the mind of the immortal singer of the songs of the spirit in the West before fame had ratified them. When I had the privilege, four years later, of coming face to face with Rabindranath in

his Calcutta home, I had a mind to clear up my wonder; but it was difficult to break through his interest in the works of Yeats and his fellow-singers, and to get him to talk of his own work, as it had been in Normandy to get Yeats to talk of anything but Tagore. After all, I suppose, it does not matter much to the individuals whether or not they realize in what relationship they stand to one another. They cannot add an inch to their stature, for each is supreme in his place: nevertheless, to others not at their height, there must be something stirring in the spectacle of a poet of transcendent genius standing on the house-top of enthusiasm, proclaiming, on the slightest provocation, the splendours of the genius of a brother-poet.

I did not see 'Gitanjali' in print until Macmillan's edition came out. Then it came upon me in a crowded tramcar in one of the dirtiest and most odoriferous districts of Liverpool. I had put the book in my pocket to while away a forty-five minutes' tram journey by mean streets among a crowd consisting of tired women and squirming babies, interspersed with the silk hat of suburban respectability going to evening church, and the sharp odour of alcohol from labour—off-duty and having 'a good time'. I had to hang on to a strap by one hand—my seat having gone to a lady—but I had taken the precaution to cut my 'Gitanjali' and so it was not difficult to hold it and turn the pages when required.

I learned then the meaning of a 'joy-ride', and I fancy my fellow-passengers felt something of its radiation, for I *had* to pass the book to my

companion to share the glow of re-discovery which showed itself in brightened eyes and heightened colour as France and a chanting poet's voice built themselves in the midst of the drabness and stench of our physical environment, and the eye gave confirmation to the ear in hailing the wonderful new thing in poetry,—a voice that had no need to speak of truth, or of beauty, since it was itself beauty and truth.

One might, I suppose, rest satisfied with the exalted pleasure of such experiences, but after all, they are somewhat of the nature of refined sensuality unless they touch some deeper level of one's being than the exclusively æsthetic in thought or feeling. That is my excuse, if not my justification for having found in 'Gitanjali' a series of poems which, organically, though not chronologically, present a coherent view of the life of humanity and its relationship with the universe, and which may, I think, be regarded as Tagore's message to the world. In reading any new poet, I instinctively search for his *greatest* 'word', that is, a declaration that has springing out of it the greatest range of branches and twigs of vision and thought. That attained, the rest of the poet's utterances put on an illuminating perspective.

Tagore's greatest thought is, I believe, his enunciation of the fundamental perfection within all things.

'Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—
"Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!"'

One life works through all degrees of life.

'The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.'

Thus the visible creation is not merely symbolised as, but actually is, the Body of God. The poet, therefore, always sees the Divine working through the human.

'When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such play of colours on cloud, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints.'

He sets up a personal relationship between himself and the Divine.

'Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me. The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.'

He conducts his life through reliance on the Great Life of which his own is a part.

'My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight, O master poet; I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.' That Great Life is within conscious reach of every one; the fulfilment of its law is love:

'They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast; but I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.'

In this love there is no impoverishment :

‘Deliverance is not for me in renunciation.
I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand
bonds of delight.

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses.
The delights of sight and hearing and touch
will bear thy delight.

Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination
of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits
of love.’

Rather does such a love lead to purification of its
members for sheer joy of making them fitter
instruments to express the Great Life ;

‘Life of life, I shall ever try to keep my
body pure, knowing that thy living touch is up-
on all my limbs.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee
in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives
me strength to act.’

The outstanding quality that shows in every
line of his poetry is *life*, but not the little span of
sensation and lower thought that is the western
connotation of the word amongst minor poets and
minor critics. His affinities in English literature
are Herbert, and Vaughan, and Crashaw, and
among living poets the seer-singer of the Irish
Renaissance, ‘A.E.’ and L. Macbeth Bain ; but
while these are Tagore’s spiritual kindred, he has
as comrades the whole hierarchy of song ; and
one of the most fascinating of speculations as to
the future is the influence that Tagore will exert
on English literature.

JAMES H. COUSINS

37. To Rabindranath Tagore
(*A Dedication*)

I thought for golden poesy
In dedicated prose to pay,
Veiling impossibility
In that old kindly, courteous way.

But all your flowing tide of fame
Went surging round my echoing shore
When on my page I put your name—
And made my debt but tenfold more!

Yea, and the world that holds your praise
Moves thus between two powers at feud:
Speech that undoes what it essays,
And silence like ingratitude.

Yet, since a sacramental hand
May sanctify the humblest weed,
I lift our love's transforming wand
And give intention for the deed.

With one deep wish that, till the set
Of sun across your song's wide sea,
Our backs may bend with growing debt
For your pure golden poesy.

J. H. COUSINS

38. An English Lady's Thoughts on India

By leaving the metalled road for the first by-way, they had missed the Red Tank. But it was here, the ground abutting grandly on it, and she could see the memorials of the dead queens. She

sat there like the Spirit of Freedom looking on a world in servitude. Woman the slave, the faithful drudge and foil and martyr, was meant for other and nobler use ; for these radiant eyes were a woman's. Those other women, many of them beautiful and spirited and young, had died for men ; here was a woman for whose whim men might be glad to die. Gazing on those stones of suffering her eyes dimmed. She saw the past in vivid procession, she heard the beating of drums on the still air, the blowing of shells and cries of acclamation. The ground suddenly became flames spiring upward, and she saw faces that had not been shown on earth this hundred years and more ; they were agonized, miserable, or exalted and fanatical. Some seemed mutely appealing to her, to woman the petted and worshipped, to come down and share the lot of woman wronged and enslaved. Not here alone, not here—those fires of sacrifice were quenched for ever—but everywhere, wherever weakness is trodden into dust and made miserable ! The joy of riding passed from her, she was wretched. A sati-stone—that appealing hand (still, after the rains of a century, faintly vermillioned) thrust up to intensify its witness—stood in shadow of her tree. She slid from the saddle, and rested on it.

And it seemed to her that nothing of good that could come to the world now could compensate for the uncounted wrong that had gone. The ages had passed, with their wars and their persecutions, their slayings and serfdoms. The weak had been crushed, women had been killed

with torment because they were old and poor and ugly, or—as in this place where she sat—because they were women. Nothing that happened now could matter. There could be no Mind in a world where good has always come so slowly and so late.

She thought of her own life, and how aimless and careless it had been. She had been happy, she had loved beauty, she had enjoyed action and conversation. She had been given brains, without any necessity for using them. She realized that she had always had her own way, and that any resentment she felt for what women suffered must be vicarious, for every one had been good to her. But bitterness came with the reflection that kindness follows the waning physical loveliness, and goes when that goes. She would grow old, and men who have the strength which rules the world, would leave her; with all her intellect and power she was a plaything. No! Not unless she allowed herself to be! She would keep the friendship of men like her brother-in-law and John Findlay. But how? Only if she remained in India, for they were here; only if she had some purpose in life, as they had. She knew that daily their lives were striking deeper roots in this arid land, were drawing enrichment in knowledge, interest, emotion. . . Already, in her stay of less than six months in India, she had seen how men and women, husbands and wives, fall out of sympathy with each other when the work is a man's work, and a woman merely exists by his side.

Yet how could she remain in India? So far, she had not been greatly attracted by the people. It had dawned on her that there must be 'more to it' than the surface appearance, since both Alden and Findlay had more than affection, had genuine respect for those they served. She had never known Robin so angry as when a young missionary guest had condemned the people he had known for less than a year.

'You get to see with their eyes,' he told her afterwards. 'I know how vexing they are, in ways enough. But *we* never shake free from our herd-morality, any' more than they do; and we go on judging them because they're not first-rate Englishmen in dark skins. I suppose it's a question of different ethics. They *hate* many of the virtues that we praise; and we hate many that *they* are keen on. We seem to them incredibly rough and rasping; and they seem to us worms. We're both right—by our standards.'

He had told her of the patience and courage of the villagers who starved if rain failed and were ruined if it came in excess—of their uncomplaining heroism under disaster. She had seen something of this in her twilight vigils in the jungle; the peasant and his beasts had become a symbol of the Indian age-long trudge along dusty ways. That faded majesty of Vishnugram, with its solitary wooden chair for visitors, its dripping roof and mouldering walls, stirred her pity. She dimly saw how galling must be this alien domination, to Indians of any pride. Even in the Christian community, she had learnt, a sensitive

nationalism was awake; Alden and Findlay had done nothing to discourage it, Douglas also thought it a good thing. Even if there were only a hundred Indians who were free from all servility and sycophancy, then there were a hundred who suffered shame and humiliation inexpressible. And were there a hundred of her own countrymen who saw India's past with eyes of understanding and sympathy, or a hundred who knew how their presence in the land, and their own overwhelming prestige with the outside world, even in matters directly relating to India, affected the noblest Indians?

Hamar suddenly crossed her mind; Alden said he had done a brave and upright thing in that Lambertgarh case. She had caught a glimpse yesterday of how his own nation punished him for it. But evidently it betokened no real understanding or friendly feeling; the man was a boor to the Indians at Vishnugram, and outside his duties he was merely the ordinary official, anxious for relaxation and to forget the country he served.

Hamar went out of her thought, and she was back with her own problem. Like all intellectual women, she wanted friendship with men; even the dumbest man seemed to have *some* touch with life somewhere. She had not realized this so strongly till she came to India. But men's friendship never seemed free from some dominion of the senses. As long as she was young and beautiful, men would throng to talk with her; but their friendship was not the thing it seemed.

Men had given her the best of comradeship and then had wanted to possess her.

A warm head rubbed against her shoulder, the pony reminding her that he was forgotten. Relief was instantaneous; she was recalled to action which was easier than thought.

EDWARD THOMPSON

39. The Deserted Temple

No path leads thither where deserted stands
The little temple. At its inmost shrine
Only the unseen dead, with spirit hands,
Bring unseen offerings to their Lord divine.

Tottering to ruin and by man unmended,
Still are its chambers holy, for here dwell
Quiet ghosts who never left one day untended
The simple altars that they loved so well.

Nor was it vain, for through the shattered sides
Of this, God's broken vessel, streams His wine;
He seems the closer here because He bides
In unvalled precincts and unguarded shrine.

F. G. PEARCE

40. Pir, Mullah and Priest

What the landlord is in the material sphere, the *pir* is in the spiritual. The landlord has tenants, the *pir*, *mureeds* or followers who collect alms for him. The landlord lives on his rents, the *pir* on his offerings. Both are expected to protect and assist their dependants whether right or wrong.

The good landlord promotes their welfare in this world, the good *pir*—there are a few such—tries to ensure their salvation in the next. Both are at their strongest in the western Punjab, the landlord for reasons that have already been given, the *pir* because 90 per cent of the population is Mohammedan and the tract is more mediæval than modern. Both are treated with the utmost deference, and in both cases the deference is more a tribute to position than to worth.

But if there is something to be said for the landlord, there is almost nothing to be said for the ordinary *pir*. He is even more of a parasite, and exploits the peasant's ignorance of the next world as systematically as any money-lender his ignorance of this. Yet such is his power that a peasant we met in Multan remarked: 'Without a *pir* a man is nothing.' The *pir* who does *piri-murcedi* trades on this to the utmost, with the result that thousands, mostly claiming descent from the Prophet, ride about the country scattering spells and collecting offerings. These spells are nothing but scraps of paper inscribed with a text, but so potent is faith that by their virtue fears are allayed and hopes aroused, and sometimes even nervous disorders cured. Quacks are often equally successful.

These men, indeed, are spiritual Quacks, who forget that many of the early *pirs*, from whom they claim descent and derive authority, were true physicians—healers of the soul and quickeners of the spirit. Like the Hebrew prophets, who were the *pirs* of their day, they were men 'who had

understanding in the vision of God', and they sought to communicate their vision to others. Such were the more famous of the *pirs* who in pre-Mughal days came to India from Central Asia; 'and it is to their persuasion and reputation rather than to the sword of any conqueror that the people of the south-western Punjab owe their faith in Islam.' To-day, too, the good *pirs* are more concerned with 'the vision of God' than with the practice of *piri-mureedi*, which they rightly disdain; and if some new *pirs* owe their rise to their supposed miraculous powers, most owe it to the sanctity of their lives. If this sanctity were general the *pir* would need no justification, and his position would be stronger. As he passes from village to village, feasted by his followers, and enriched by their offerings, he must think it strong enough. But if he stops to reflect, he will see that a house built upon the sands of superstition and ignorance cannot long withstand the rising tide of modern forces; already in Lyallpur his influence is waning. And as he reflects, if he is educated, he will be filled with misgiving. 'We feel ashamed,' said the B.A. son of a *pir* in the central Punjab in telling me that his father had made Rs. 300—in twenty days, 'it is against the new light.' It is even worse, for *piri-mureedi* is against both the old light and the new.

Yet for the good *pir* there is as much scope as for the good landlord. Men cannot live by bread alone, and whether they look to the old light or the new, they need ethical teaching and spiritual

guidance. The peasant of Europe has always had both to the great advantage of his character. The Punjab is provided with little of either.

There are mullahs and priests innumerable, but amongst those in the villages few are educated, and many are virtually illiterate. 'They take the name of God in order that they may fill their bellies with bread,' said a landlord of the mullahs. 'They tinkle the bell and blow the conch,' said a peasant of the priests. The mullahs learn to repeat the Koran in the Arabic but rarely to understand what he reads, and this fruitless learning is all he imparts to the boys of the village. The priest is well versed in temple rites and in the elaborate ceremonial of a Hindu's life; and if a *purohit* or family priest, he can cast a horoscope and distinguish between auspicious and inauspicious occasions. But though he can read, this is of little value to his flock, for the Hindu scriptures are written in Sanskrit, which he cannot usually interpret. The Sikh fares a little better, since the *Granth Sahib* is written in Punjabi; but even so, much of it is as difficult for the peasant to follow as Chaucer would be for an English rustic. The girls fare worst of all; here and there some amongst them are taught like the boys, but in general they get no teaching at all.

As a body, then, the ministrants of religion—and it is of them and not of religion that I am speaking—are not equal to their task. There are honourable exceptions—some we met, of others we heard—but, as with landlords, they are too

few to do more than point the contrast between what is and what might be. At the same time, the feeling for religion is as strong as ever: again and again we come across mosque or temple being built by a common sacrifice of labour and money, and large numbers of Mohammedans still spend an hour or two a day in prayer and fast in *Ramzan*. But the people as a whole are like sheep without a shepherd. Hireling shepherds there are who, in the name of religion and in the guise of education, would set one community against another and put a stop to the kindly offices and courtesies that for many years have bound Hindu and Mohammedan together in their common village life. But of real shepherds, men fitted to guide and protect, there are few.

Yet never was guidance more needed. The isolation of the village is fast disappearing; the explosive modern world is at its gates; the old walls of custom, plastered with the accretion of centuries, are crumbling; new horizons are opening and a new dawn breaking. To many the new light is in conflict with the old, and both are in danger of being extinguished by the strong winds of individualism and materialism, which are sometimes confused with liberty and progress. Even for the educated the times are not easy; for the uneducated they are bewildering. What then is the remedy? That I must leave to the consideration of those concerned, for the question is too intimate and delicate for one not of the country to handle. I have only ventured to point out the evil, because no one I met on my tour denied its

existence, and what I have seen of peasant life in different parts of Europe suggests the great importance to a village of having in its midst an educated man devoted to its service and holding steadily before it some image, however faint, of the good, the beautiful, and the true. Readers of *England's Green and Pleasant Land* will remember the desolate condition of a village entirely devoid of this illumination; and those who have read St. Reymont's novel *The Peasants* will recall that when the Polish village, which is the scene of the book, was swayed by one of its periodic outbursts of passion, it was only held together by the Church and the parish priest. In Europe the parish priest, with all his limitations, has been one of the main civilizing influences in village life. Cannot mullah and priest be made to play the same part in India? Or can they not at least be made good of their kind?

M. L. DARLING

41. Buddha's First Sight of Pain

And ever with the years
 Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
 Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
 To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
 Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
 Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
 Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
 In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
 A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
 To their nest-places on Himala's breast,

Calling in love-notes down their snowy line,
 The birds flew, by fond love piloted;
 And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,
 Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
 Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
 Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
 So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
 Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
 Which seeing, Prince Siddhartha took the bird
 Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
 Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord-Buddha

sits—

And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
 Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
 Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
 As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
 And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
 The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
 Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
 Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
 That curiously into his wrist he pressed
 The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
 And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, 'My Prince
 hath shot

A swan, which fell among the roses here,
 He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?'
 'Nay,' quoth Siddhartha, 'if the bird were dead
 To send it to the slayer might be well,
 But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
 The god-like speed which throbbed in this white
 wing.'

And Devadatta answered, ' The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down ;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fallen'tis mine.
Give me my prize, fair Cousin.' Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, ' Say, No ! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone ; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit his matter to the wise
And we will wait their word.' So was it done ;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
' If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains ; give him the bird : '
Which judgment all found just ; but when the king
Sought out the sage for honour, he was gone ;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come oft-times thus ! So our Lord Buddha
Began his work of mercy.

Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
But on another day the King said, ' Come,
Sweet son ! and see the pleasure of the spring,

And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper ; how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chests
filled.

Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time.' So they
rode

Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking
yoke

Dragging the ploughs ; the fat soil rose and roiled
In smooth dark waves back from the plough ;
who drove

Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep ; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow ;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed ; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith ; bee-eaters hawked
Chasing the purple butterflies ; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and
picked,
The seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,

The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
Above the painted temples peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks; then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the *bulbul*, which did chase
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddhartha sighed. 'Is this,' he said,
'That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! How
hard
The oxen's service! In the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! I'th'air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show.'

So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a *jambu*-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statues sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyana, first step of 'the path'.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

42. The Problems of a Free India

The defect of the Government of India was not that it was autocratic, but that it was mechanic. It was a thing of human invention imposed by foreigners, not an organization growing naturally out of national institutions. There have been many admirable and many tolerable mechanical governments, such as that of the Roman Empire or of Russia, but the philosophic inquirer will condemn them except as a desperate remedy for desperate ills. If it is impossible for the nation to evolve out of itself an organic government (of however low a type) which can preserve the peace and protect the nation from the foreign foe, then it is probably better for the nation to put itself under some mechanical government rather than immediately to perish. In some cases, a mechanical government has been transmuted by a vigorous

nationality into a living organism, but this is very rare. The machine, however skilfully constructed and carefully tended, must eventually wear out and then there is nothing for it but the scrap-heap. Thus a Rolls Royce is no doubt a more agreeable vehicle than a one-horse chaise drawn by some miserable garron. But in ten years your car will be an unseemly heap of rusted iron. A thousand years hence some Eclipse or Persimmon may count the garron among its ancestors. In the organism there is at least one thing—life,—and while there is life there is hope. Had then the British, in establishing their dominion by means of the elaborate and artful mechanism called the Indian Government, destroyed some living organism, or even the rudimentary germ of such an organism, they could not at the bar of history plead ‘not guilty’. They must throw themselves on the mercy of the court, and plead ‘extenuating circumstances’.

To my mind no such guilt attaches to the British nation. This question is still *sub judice*, but if I am not wholly mistaken, there is no doubt as to what the ultimate finding of the final tribunal will be.

So we may take it, the English were in no way to blame for setting up the Indian Empire. It is true that a grove of oaks is, because it is a collection of organisms, a nobler thing than the hall, however royal, which is built of the timber of those oaks when cut down. But that consideration would not induce the traveller overtaken by

a rain-storm to seek for shelter in a grove rather than in a hall. So it was no discreditable thing to the British to have constructed, from the shattered fragments of the old Imperial organization, a safe abiding-place for so large a section of the human race. Its end was certain. It must in time perish, whether the destructive agency was the violence of human hands, or the natural fury of the elements, or the chances of flood or fire, or mere dry rot; but in the meantime the Empire was a protection against the foe, the city of refuge against the oppressor, the palace of justice, the royal seat, a temple of the gods. Well-guarded, it might last five hundred or a thousand years, and if it then perished—well, all things must perish, all human things pass, the gods alone are immortal.

* * * *

But what of the future? I do not pretend to be a prophet, and political prognostication is a singularly inept form of prophecy. The statesman, and particularly the British statesman, does not care to cross bridges before he comes to them. And in this he is perhaps wise, for in politics some factor is always overlooked, and that factor may prove the most important of all. Thus does Fate banter us. But in that case the official optimist would be well advised himself to abstain from any forecast of the future. Let him say frankly, 'The actual situation was impossible. According to our lights we did the best we could. The issue is with God.'

Without, however, assuming the robe of

camel's hair, the curious citizen might be excused if he asked just a few questions.

In the first place, is there any guarantee that India will long remain under one government, provided, that is, that the coercive power of the Empire is removed?

No other power ever succeeded in combining the races of the sub-continent into one political unit for more than a moment. No ruler before Victoria could, without immediate challenge, have turned loose the white horse. Against geography the statesman will fight in vain, but there is nothing in the geographical history of India to make this unity a necessity. The sub-continent has always suffered from this very thing, namely, that there is and can be no common centre, no nodal point.

The sub-continent is naturally divisible into four great areas. I omit minor enclaves. These are the basin of the Indus, the basin of the Ganges, the central plateau, and the far South, and these geographical divisions correspond roughly to divisions of race, religion and language. Add to this that each of these divisions was recently (as history goes) under separate governments, and it would appear *a priori* that natural centrifugal tendencies might triumph; and that the artificial political entity known as India, in the absence of a strong, external, compulsive force, might cease to exist.

In the next place, what will be the duties of the Empire as regards the maintenance of internal order? The Empire does not usually take this

burden on itself in the case of the Dominions. From the other white Dominions the Imperial troops were early withdrawn, and the maintenance of a British garrison in South Africa up to the beginning of the War was attended with great inconvenience. Panditji might welcome the presence of British troops, and might even be willing to contribute to their pay and other expenses, but the position would, I think, soon become impossible.

The Indian Government would, therefore, be compelled to make its own arrangements for maintaining internal order, and for suppressing frontier raids and meeting the first brunt of an invasion from the North. It could not, therefore, rely on a national militia. It must necessarily keep up an army. What is to be the relation of this army to other imperial forces?

Again, what is to be the composition and quality of this army and how is it to be controlled? How is it likely to get on with the civil government? The eagles do not anywhere accept with much enthusiasm the rule of the parrots, and in India there must ever be reasons why the army would mistrust the rule of the literate Indian.

In a country where intrigue and the appeal from order to order and the playing off of power against power has for long been regarded as the great secret of statesmanship it would seem difficult to keep the army out of politics. An army which is not kept out of politics is at first the tool, but soon the master, of the contending

factions. Democracies have short memories, but few have forgotten the abyss which suddenly yawned before us in the early months of 1914. A strong, well-disciplined, effective army is formidable to its masters, unless the soldier is first and foremost a citizen. A weak and tumultuous army is formidable in another but no less dangerous way. The circumstances which led to the interference of Britain in Egyptian affairs are well known.

Cognate with this question is the question of minorities. It has been recognized that minorities are, in India, entitled to special protection. How is that protection to be afforded to them in New India? It clearly cannot be. But it is from these very minorities that the bulk of the army is recruited, and from which necessarily the bulk of the corps of officers must be constituted. Will the soldier in such circumstances always remember that he is a citizen first and a soldier afterwards?

Again, and not very remote from this topic is the question of the Native Chiefs. They are of varying castes, races and religions. Some of them are negligible enough owing to defects of character, others are negligible owing to the smallness of their dominions. But there are many who are both men of character and of large resources. What will the relation of these chiefs be to the Indian Government? Will they long be content to be vassals?

It is not to the name and shadow of Empire, or the metaphor of the Crown that India can

look for the preservation of internal peace. It is on the character of the rulers, the strength they possess and on the assent of the subjects that here, as elsewhere, a dominion to be stable must rest as on pillars.

These and other problems will require solution. So far I see no recognition even of the fact that these problems exist.

It is to the future that we must look for such solution, and it is by the events of the future that the British Empire must be judged. If that event turn out well for India and for England then we shall be called wise, but if otherwise, cowards.

Perhaps the gods are athirst. Perhaps to us, our sons, or our grandsons is reserved a great and curious spectacle. Those who are dead care nothing for human joys and sorrows, and to the memory of the great dead history will pay her meed of praise. To us who have lived to see that all our labour has come to nought this is given as a consolation, that it is the God which assigns the task and the reward of the task. We labour blindly, not knowing the event. That knowledge the God has kept to Himself and none can fathom His purposes. If we have worked well and faithfully, then it is well with us.

The God it is who gives and takes away kingdoms. For us, the wise and the foolish, the coward and the valiant, the slave and the free man, for empires and anarchies, there is all one end, the grave and ultimate oblivion. But praise be to Him, the Living, the Eternal, Who never dies.

AL. CARTHILL

NOTES

PART I—DESCRIPTIVE

1. What Offering, India?

These lines are in *vers libre*—Free Verse. Its loosely rhythmic structure was popularized by Walt Whitman, in America. If the simple, sincere sentiment of these lines had been expressed in blank verse, or iambic pentameters, it would have taken on a dignified and formal tone unsuitable to its simplicity. In lighter song metre it might have sounded artificial. As it stands it avoids both risks.

2. Travels in Madras

(Page 1) *Insulated rock*—a rock separated from all others; solitary. (Page 3) *Staved*—knocked out its planks; wrecked. *Chunam*—lime. (Page 5) *Bali*—the king whose story is told in the poetic extract given in the next lesson. (Page 6) *The race of Pandya*—this ancient dynasty ruled in the extreme south at a time contemporary with the early Pharaohs of Egypt. *Bas-relief*—a mode of sculpturing figures on a flat surface, the figures being above the surface. (Page 7) *Dismissing*—casting aside. *The three worlds*—viz., of the gods, of men and of the demons. (Page 8) *Cicerone* (pronounced *chicheronay*)—guide.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe Madras as seen from the sea. (2) Describe the catamaran. (3) Narrate the escape from the shark. (4) Give an account of Bishop Heber's visit to Prince Azeem Khan. (5) What were the most striking features of Mahabalipur?

3. Mahabalipur

This is an extract from Southey's poem, 'The Curse of Kehama'. Ladurlad, the father of Kailyal, to rescue her from the insults of the son of the great king

and magician, Kehama, had killed the young man. In revenge he was cursed by Kehama with perpetual bodily pains and sleeplessness, and made immune from death from any of the elements. He once walked into the depths of the sea in search of means to circumvent the enchanter. These lines describe the spot where this took place, and were alluded to in the previous extract.

(Page 9) *The Incarnate*—Vishnu in his Dwarf Avatar, or incarnation. *The Mighty One*—King Bali was. Austerities had given him command over all the three worlds. (Page 10) *Padalon*—the lower regions ruled by Yama, or Yamen.

4. Santal Drums in Peace and War

(Page 11) *A rim of steady thunder*—an unceasing sound like distant thunder coming from all sides like a rim or circle of sound. *A dusky crescent moon*—a dark half circle shaped like the waxing moon, but composed of dancing women. (Page 12) *Cake-walk*—a modern dance imported from America, and based on Negro dancing. *Beau-legged waddle*—a staggering step taken with legs bent sideways. *Tamasha*—entertainments. *Zárter*—originally a spear or staff wrapped round with ivy and vine. In ancient Greece it was borne by worshippers of Bacchus, the god of wine. *Sa'l*—a sturdy timber tree of Bengal forests. *Phalaricas*—a sort of fireballs prepared in a little earthen globe filled with a composition that shoots up into a bush of fiery sparks when ignited. (Page 13) *Devious*—apparently irregular. *Frenzied the jungle*—saw by her imagination the jungle under the appearance of a great tiger roused from sleep. (Page 14) *Lovely people*—loveable folk. *More sophisticated*—more developed by civilization, and so called of more craft and cunning. *Civilized and efficient massacre*—killing most thoroughly with no chance of resistance by modern weapons of war.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe the dance of the Santals, or any other that you have seen. (2) How does the author describe the feeling that Nicky had of the great danger threatening her and her father? (3) Try to

describe what you imagine a Santal rising must have been like in its causes, course and consequences.

6. The Muharram in Bombay

(Page 16) *Muharram*—on the 10th of this lunar month is commemorated the slaying of Muhammad's grandson Husain under circumstances of spectacular cruelty. *Ali and Fatima*—the son-in-law and the daughter of the Prophet. *Myrrh*—an aromatic gum exuded by certain plants in Arabia and Abyssinia. *Frankincense*—a gummy resin obtained from plants growing on the mountains of India which has a sweet aromatic smell. *Gum-benjamin*—gum benzoin, produced by a tree in Sumatra. (Page 17) *For the day*—it is so considered on the occasion of that day of celebration. *White selvedge of surf*—the edge of a bit of woven stuff so finished as not to unravel is called the selvedge; an edging or hem. The blue sea is edged with white breakers or waves breaking on the shore. *Drowned, drowned, etc.*—this is Sir G. Birdwood's emotional way of expressing the feeling of the crowd. It is no translation of the mournful cries. *The whole welkin rings*—the entire vault of the sky seems to echo. *Reverberating wail*—mourning echoed and re-echoed.

8. The Taj at Agra

(Page 20) *Taj* means 'Crown' in Persian. *Elegy in marble*—a marble work of art expressing a monarch's grief as perfectly as a mournful poem. (Page 21) *Confines*—limits, boundaries, (accent on the 1st syllable.) *Embroidered*—looking like the flowers worked in silk. 'They designed.....jewellers'—This was Bishop Heber's criticism of the Taj. It is grand in its proportions and as delicate in its details as jewellery. (Page 22) *Translate itself into alabaster*—express itself by means of a marble tomb.

QUESTION: Describe any magnificent building you have seen.

9. The Taj

(Page 23) *Cornelian and blood-stone : opal : a methyst*—various precious stones : red, iridescent or faint purple.

The entire poem is made up of one sentence, the subject of which is the title 'The Taj', and the principal and only verb is the substantive verb 'is', understood. Hence, this sonnet is rather a series of ejaculations of admiration rather than a formal sentence. How far this is justified none may decide who have not seen the Taj.

Paraphrase of the Poem—The Taj is white, like a ghost seen after midnight, and yet it is coloured with stains expressing pain and sorrow by means of red semi-precious stones such as the cornelian and blood-stone, which are as skilfully harmonized as if the artist did not allow his feelings to disturb his skill. Yet the Taj expresses a burning passion: at the same time, it is as unmoved as the heart of a ruler, cold and feelingless. It is the bed where sleep the royal husband and wife forever, never to be separated (with a glorious Cupola above them as they lie side by side); and that bed seems to speak softly to all future times, saying, 'Love fears nothing and mounts heavenward though bodies may be entombed in clay;' (this 'Taj') when the light of dawn shines on it through a haze as softly coloured as an opal, appears touched by a paler shade of pink than even rose-buds possess; and again (it) appears in the clear, pale purple light of evening (the amethyst is a purple stone) so very peaceful: and when midnight breezes have blown away the clouds that hid the rising moon it looks as though topped with pearls: in short, the Taj is the emperor's hopes made permanent, the sigh of his sorrowing heart expressed in stone.

10. The Kumaon Himalaya

(Page 24) *Kuenlun*—a mountain range between Western Tibet and Eastern Turkestan. *Kumaon and Garhwal*—districts in the north-west of the United Provinces. *A few of the peaks*—north of Darjeeling are Mount Everest, Kinchinjunga, Pandim, Janu and Dhawal-giri, all over 25,000 feet. (Page 25) *Alpine*—found in mountainous regions. *The Val Anzasca*—The places here mentioned are in the extreme north of the Italian Province

of Piedmont. (Page 26) *Zermatt and Chamouny*—picturesque peaks of the Alps. *Relative magnitude*—comparative size. Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Matterhorn and Jungfrau are the grandest peaks of the Alps; while Nanda Devi, Trisul and Dunagiri are the highest mountains of the Kumaon Himalaya. There is at present an expedition that is attempting to climb Nanda Devi. *Obelisk*—a pillar of rock. (Page 27) *Majestic predominance*—kingly superiority.

QUESTION: What natural scenes have you most admired, and why?

11. The Himalaya

(Page 28) *Ramps*—fortifications. *Lifted universe*—a high or lofty world. *Ravine*—narrow valley. *Splintered precipices*—perpendicular cliffs of broken rock. *Sharplaced*—distinctly edged with white. *Rose-oaks*—the rhododendron, a great tree with bright red flowers.

QUESTION: Paraphrase the last eight lines.

12. Witchcraft in the Central Provinces

(Page 29) *Parish*—smallest administrative area. *Witches*—women in league with evil spirits. *Agony*—intense suffering. (Page 30) *Criminal*—evil-doer. *Raw*—inexperienced. (Page 31) *Querulous*—full of complaints and murmurs. *Slights*—neglect, indifference. *Wizards*—the masculine of witch. (Page 33) *Jostle*—push against inadvertently. *Propensities*—tendencies, habits. *The senate of Venice*—Venice, a republic at the north of the Adriatic Sea, was governed by a band of nobles—the senate—under a president, known as the Doge. It was a most wealthy and powerful State. *Sauntering*—strolling, walking leisurely. (Page 34) *Armed to the teeth*—fully armed. *Imperious tone*—commanding voice. *Functionary*—officer; man on duty. (Page 35) *Languid state*—listless or weak condition.

QUESTION: Narrate any one of these tales of witchcraft. Have you heard any other such stories?

13. An Evening Walk in Bengal

(Page 36) *Our task is done*—the voyage up the river has ended for the day. *Mooed*—fastened to the shore. *Savoury*—having an appetizing smell. *Nature's embers*—where natural objects like grass and trees have been burnt by the heat. *Haunted shade*—spirits are supposed to frequent *peepul* trees. *Wreathe*—entwine. *Sylvan revelry*—merriment suited to the woods. (Page 37) *Copse*—clump of bushes. *Alleys*—open ways among the trees. *Ruddier dye*—a redder colour. *The bounteous Sire*—Our Father in Heaven who is so generous with gifts.

QUESTIONS: (1) What does the poet say here about snakes, fire-flies and jackals? (2) Describe any landscape you have seen either at dawn or sunset.

14. An Indian Wedding

(Page 37) *Observances*—ceremonies. *Orthodox*—strictly according to their religion. *Minute in ceremonial*—detailed in carrying out the proper rites. *Arena*—battle-ground, place of contest. (Page 38) *Bridesmaids*—at European marriages the bride is attended by some of her girl friends who are called bride's maids. *Affecting service*—prayers that stir the feelings. *Cambric*—fine muslin. *Champagne breakfast*—after the wedding in the church, the guests meet at a morning meal, where the wine is of the sparkling kind known as champagne (pronounced *shampain*). *Delicacies of the season*—the most tasty eatables obtainable at that time of the year. *Anointings*—being rubbed with scented oils. (Page 39) '*Little Mother*'—the Goddess Kali. *Weird*—mysterious. *Confit-makers*—sweet-meat-makers. *Genial*—hearty. *A capital hand*—a first-class doer of anything. *Personating characters*—disguising himself as persons of another sort. *Intrusion*—wrongful entrance. *Pestered*—annoyed. *Ananda*—The name of the Shastree's first wife. *The Shastree*—the learned Pandit (whose marriage is here described). (Page 40) *Tenor and bass*—high-pitched and deep-toned. *Largess*—free gifts. *Tara*—The name of the Shastree's daughter. *Posse*—band, or troop. *Files*—ranks. (Page 41) *Ladling*—pouring out

from long-handled spoons. *Toothsome condiments*—tasty additions to the food. *Banded*—interchanged. *Criticized*—sat in judgment on. *Hag*—old woman. *Liberal dole*—generous allowance. *Taber*—a light drum; *tabla*. (Page 42) *Invocations*—appeals to the god, or goddess. *Irrevocable*—never to be undone. *A nymph's form*—a nymph is a minor goddess: here is meant one of the *Apsaras*. *Kamdeo*—Cupid, the god of love. (Page 43) *Post-nuptial*—following on after the wedding. *Grow on him*—attract him more and more.

QUESTIONS: (1) What classes of guests were there at this wedding? (2) What part was played by the bride's brother? (3) Describe an Indian Fair, or *Mela*.

15. The Tribes on My Frontier

(Page 43) *Dustypore*—a name invented by the author. *Wide expanse of negativeness*—a wide stretch of plain with nothing to attract notice. '*Thinking on the frosty Caucasus*'—quotation from Shakespeare's *Richard II*, Act I, Sc. 4, l. 295. *Agueferous devices*—contrivances that are often likely to bring on a shivering fit. *Thermantidotes*—a machine to drive a cool current of air through the wet *tatties*. *Liquefaction*—turning into a liquid. (Page 44) *Deliquescent*—beginning to dissolve. *The melting mood*—idiomatically means the mood when we are about to melt into tears, here humorously used to mean melting in perspiration. *Constitutional*—a walk taken for the good of one's health. *A Scotch Sabbath*—The Scotch people observe the rest of Sunday so strictly that on that day not a sound can be heard even in the larger towns. *Levée*—a public reception by a great man. '*The shadowland*'—Isaiah, ch. xxxii, v. 2. *Foregathers*—older English, gathers. *Oppressing*—weighing heavily upon. *Social lark*—the English lark is a shy bird and does not enter the houses of men, as this one does. (Page 45) *Querulous falsettos*—shrill notes of complaint. *Back-bone*—energy. *Seven Brothers*—noisy grey birds common in northern India. *Littimer*—The hypocritical servant of Steerforth, a character in Dickens' novel, *David Copperfield*. *Attitudinizing*—placing himself in

striking postures. *Malvolio*—a self-conceited character in Shakespeare's play 'Twelfth Night'. *Decorum itself*—the essence of all that is well-behaved. *Sets his face against*—firmly resists. *Dissipated*—scattered (the original meaning of this word). *That painted iniquity*—that brightly marked embodiment of iniquity or wickedness. *Out and out*—wholly and completely. (Page 46) *Empedocles*—this philosopher is said to have jumped into the crater of the volcano in the hope that as his body would have disappeared, people might suppose he had been taken up by the gods. *Straddled*—spread out. *Apollyon*—In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory, the chief character named Christian encounters many evils on his way to the Heavenly City. Among these was an evil spirit who fought him while he was passing through the Valley of Humiliation. (Page 47) '*Points*'—markings of a different colour at the extremities usually employed when speaking of horses. *Atrium ingluviem*—dark maw, or stomach. *Opprobrious epithets*—abusive terms. *Vilifies*—abuses. *Surname*—second or family name. *Christian name*—first, or personal name. *Poor man.... wrong*—he did not deserve to have his name given to such a wicked creature as this bird. *Thereby hangs a tale*—Shakespeare: 'As You Like It'. (Page 48) *Arcades ambo*—both Arcadians, i.e., both alike. *Tam o' Shanter's mare*—The poet Burns relates that when chased by witches his mare carried him across a stream before they could catch him; they, however, succeeded in snatching away the animal's tail. *Hinc illae lacrimae*—hence those tears. *Reconnoitred*—explored. (Page 49) *Congé*—dismissal. *Bug-hunters*—a school-boy name for beetle collectors. *Messrs. B and S.*—Messrs. Brandy and Soda. *Ennui-smitten*—struck down by boredom. *Old flame*—former love. *A moral Sahara*—a life as barren of good as the Sahara is barren of trees. *A catechism of the Nihilist creed*—The Nihilists were a set of men in Russia who denied all accepted opinions, and so answered all questions about their belief by a negative; here it means emptiness of all interest. '*The old familiar faces*'—a poem by Charles Lamb is so named. (Page 50) *Perennial*

fare—food all the year round. *Pie*—a dish of meat covered with pastry. *Czar of all the Russias*—at the time when this was written the Czar or Emperor of all the divisions of Russia was the most powerful of all European sovereigns. *Phlebotomized*—bled.

QUESTIONS: (1) Write down the habits of any birds or animals with which you are familiar. (2) Relate the tale of the two *Lanius* birds. (3) Describe a very hot day as felt by yourself, by other men, by animals, and birds and by the trees of fields.

16. The Tiger

(Page 50) *Burning*—This word suggests that a tiger is like fire. It is splendid, fierce, insatiable. *Symmetry*—shapely, well-formed body. (Page 51) *Deeps or skies*—from hell or heaven. *The fire of thine eyes*—its fierce look. *Hammer, chain, furnace, anvil*—are words that compare the moulding of the tiger's frame to the work of a smith. *When the stars.....tears*—when the stars shot down their rays and wept to see what evil there was on earth. *Did He....make thee?*—How hard it is to understand that the same God who created the gentle lamb, also produced this terrible animal.

QUESTION: What do you think is the chief thought expressed in this poem?

17. The Villager

(Page 51) *Lord Bacon*—Statesman, philosopher and essayist. *Apophthegm*—maxim. *Eating, etc.*—This is a comic parody of Bacon's 'Reading maketh a full man,' i.e., full of ideas. *Bacon*—swine's flesh. *That Commission*—The Commission appointed in the 80's to enquire into the causes of famines in India and to suggest relief measures. *Without tears and laughter*—tears at the uselessness of the relief offered and laughter at their folly. (Page 52) *Collapsed cuticles*—shrunk up skins. *Horizon*—what he sees afar off. *Foreground*—what is near at hand. *Luscious*—rich. *Sumptuous*—well-fed. *Bulrushes*—a variety of reeds. *Idylls*—sweet poems. *Rainbow-fed chameleon*—a species of lizard, fabled to feed on air: the author calls

it 'rainbow-fed' because of its ability to change colour so much. *Enamelled*—polished. *Hiccoughing platitudes*—stammering repetitions of what is already well-known. (Page 53) *Phantasmagoria*—mere show and outward pomp. *Green*—with a play on the double meaning of the word, a colour and inexperienced. *Old Sanskrit proverb*—humorously so describing a proverb of his own. *Mess-rooms*—where military officers dine together. *Anthems*—hymns. (Page 54) *Interprets auguries*—understands the meanings of signs, e.g., of a change of weather. *Wedge*—the V-shaped flight of water-fowl. *Portent*—indication of what is to happen. *Initiated*—trained. *Squalor*—dirtiness. 'Sailing... depths of air'—quoted from Gray's Ode on the Progress of Poesy. *Machinery*—regulated happenings. (Page 55) *Immemorial*—beyond all memory. *Protoplasmic*—of the most primitive forms of life. *Chlorophyll*—literally the green colouring matter of leaves: here that which gives the special local colouring to the village. *Idyllic existence*—poetic life.

QUESTIONS: (1) Contrast village and town life. (2) What animals and birds does the author speak of in connection with village life?

18. Dawn in India

(Page 56) *Fleeting*—fast disappearing. *Drapery*—robes. *Herald-star*—the morning star. *The grey*—the dark clouds. *Donned*—put on. *Spangled*—sparkling (with dew). *Tears of Night*—dew. *Rippled ruby*—little waves reddened by the dawn light. *Hammersmith*—called also the coppersmith—a little wood-pecker.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe as nearly to this model as you can, the effects of dawn on an Indian landscape. (2) Describe in a similar way sunset and twilight.

19. The Insects of Tropical Forests

(Page 57) *An infinity of means*—numberless ways. *An official of the customs*—a government servant whose work it is to inspect the import and export of goods so as to levy the duties or taxes as ordered. *Buccaneers and filibusters*—pirates. *Intangible*—not to be perceived by

the touch. *A serried column*—a closely packed line of advance. (Page 58) *Mediæval armoury*—storehouse of the weapons employed during the Middle Ages before the invention of gunpowder. *Augers*—instruments to bore holes. *Abysses and catacombs*—deep hollows and underground passages. (Page 59) *Accelerators*—whatever hastens. *Ad infinitum*—without end. *Fecundity*—fertility. *Sinister*—evil. (Page 60) *Seething crucible*—boiling vessel or receptacle. *Sciutillation*—a sparkling. *Fantastic arabesques*—quaint designs in curving lines. *Pageantries*—displays. *Miasmatic*—exhaling unwholesome vapours. *Putrid*—rotting. *Make sport of the intoxication of nature*—find pleasure in playing with the drunken excess with which nature expresses herself. (Page 61) *Vomito*—the black vomiting that is one of the signs of cholera. *Anatomists*—those who take anything to pieces. *I breathe*—i.e., I draw a breath of relief. *Savant*—learned man; scientist. (Page 62) *Hercules*—the Greek god of strength; here used as a type of the ever successful warrior.

QUESTIONS: (1) Give examples of the destructiveness of tropical insects. (2) Describe a tropical forest. (3) Outline the role of Birds in nature.

PART II—NARRATIVE

20. A Hunt with Cheetah

(Page 63) *Non-retractile claws*—claws that cannot be drawn in, as is done by most animals of the cat species. (Page 64) *Field sports*—hunting of various kinds. *Falcon*—hawk. (Page 65) *Glades*—open spaces in woods. *Laying out at full stretch*—putting out all its speed, stretching itself to its full length as it did so. (Page 66) *Literally nowhere*—truly had no place in the race. *Horseflesh*—horses. *Doubled*—turned and came back the way it had taken at first. *Turned on extra steam*—increased its speed like an engine that uses more steam. *Strangling*—choking to death. (Page 67) *Tenacious*—persisting in its hold.

(Page 68) *Onset*—charge or attack. *Odds*—inequality, disparity. *Throttled*—held by the throat. *In the same light*—from the same point of view.

QUESTION: Relate the incidents of the two occasions that the author describes when he saw a hunt with cheetah.

21. The Emperor Jahangir's Birthday

(Page 69) *Wherein*—on which. *Solemnity*—important ceremony. (Page 70) *Furniture*—trappings. *Furnished*—fitted out. *Handsomely*—in a fine and striking manner. *Gracious compliments*—kindly praises. *Gold plate*—vessels made of golden plates. *Nobility*—noblemen. *Frolicly*—merrily. *Flagons*—large flasks. (Page 71) *My fancy*—that which I loved. (Fancy meant love in the English of this date.) *Conjured*—solemnly urged. *That*—in modern English, what or that which. (Page 72) *Injury*—wrong, loss, injustice. *Made*—distilled, i.e., alcoholic. *Small*—weak, non-intoxicating. *Artificial*—same as made or distilled. *Appurtenances*—all connected with it. (Page 73) *Clean*—flawless, without defect. *Dressed*—cooked, or prepared. *Chargers*—large flat dishes. *Finest*—pleasantest. *Of a thousand humours*—of countless merry moods. *Forbore*—refrained.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe the elephant procession. (2) Relate the incident of the pictures. (3) Describe any Durbar or state ceremonial that you have witnessed, or read about.

22. Tipoo Sultan becomes a French Citizen

(Page 74) *Advanced*—as it grew to midday. *Caparisoned*—decked in fine trappings. *Dharmshalas*—rest-houses. (Page 75) *Tissue*—woven material. *Cap of liberty*—a red cotton cap was the symbol adopted by the French Revolutionists. *French Revolution*—the violent uprising of the populace of France against their king and nobles, whom they put to death with very little show of justice. *Round oaths*—plain, open curses. *Amicable issue*—friendly result. *Enhance their consequence*—add to their importance. *Eulogium*—praise. *Retributive justice*—justice according to

what was deserved. *Frenzied*—mad. *Anomaly*—contrast. (Page 76) *Assumed*—laid claim to. *Spleen*—dislike. *Virulent*—poisonous. *Pretension*—false claim. *Address*—attractive behaviour. *Bent*—inclinations. (Page 77) *Feverish period*—time of unhealthy excitement. *Pledged*—guaranteed. *Aggrandize*—add to, increase. *Disseminate*—spread abroad. *Cajoled*—induced by false representations. *Sophistries*—fallacious reasonings. (Page 78) *Crusade*—a holy war. *Intrigues*—secret plots. *Identify*—become one with. (Page 79) *Confidential*—one trusted with all secrets. *A moral death*—the destruction of the power of his will. (Page 80) *Mysteries*—religious rites. *Mummery*—play-acting. (Page 81) *Abomination*—hateful thing. *Imminent*—threatening near at hand. (Page 82) *Dire omen*—dreadful portent. *Earnest*—surety. *Familiarity*—friendliness as among equals. (Page 83) *Functionaries*—officials. *Domination*—authority.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe the condition of India at this time and the circumstances that gave the French their ascendancy over the mind of Tipoo. (2) Describe the ceremonial in which Tipoo declared himself a citizen of the French Republic. (3) Write a soliloquy expressive of Tipoo's thoughts after this ceremony. (4) Write Chapuis' report to France of this event, with the results he anticipated.

23. The Palm-Tree

(Page 83) *Exiled*—growing in a foreign climate. *Kindred hue*—coloured like one of the plants of its own species. *Laburnum*—a flowering plant with hanging bunches of a bright yellow colour. *Orient mould*—eastern shape. *Violet*—a sweet-scented purple flower. *Willow*—a tree with drooping branches growing in cold climates. *Lime*—called also the linden: a tall tree. (Page 84) *Dusky mien*—dark features. *Cocoas*—the coconut palms. (Page 85) *Conch-note*—the sound of the shell trumpet, or *Shāṅkh*.

QUESTION: What lesson does the poetess derive from this incident?

24. A Visit to Ranjit Singh

(Page 85) *Ranjit Singh*—The last and greatest of the Sikh rulers of the Punjab. *Shalimar*—The authoress here is mistaken—the Shalimar garden 'where Lalla Rookh recognized Feramorz' was in Kashmir. *Lalla Rookh*—See the story given on pp. 99-114. *Indelicate*—wanting in good manners. *Poked about*—thrust himself into all places. (Page 86) *F. and me*—The Hon'ble Miss Eden and her lady friend. She was the sister of the Governor-General. *Disreputable*—of low position. *G.*—The Governor-General, Lord Auckland. *Deluded creature*—mistaken one, said in a manner of amused pity. *Wheeled up*—came forward with a circling movement. '*Makes rather a pretty air*'—said ironically, of course. *Foolish feelings*—also ironical. *Gaberdines*—long coats. *Jack-boots*—high boots reaching to the knees, and worn by horsemen. (Page 87) *Precision*—strict manner. *Crupper*—the strap from the saddle to the tail. *Martingale*—the strap from the girth below the horse's belly to the bridle. (Page 88) *Closet*—little room. *Charpoy*—a low bed. *Aguish*—likely to cause malarial fever with fits of shivering. *Communion*—a religious ceremony among Christians. *Unreligious*—without religion. (Page 89) *Irreligious*—hostile to religion. *A pouring day*—a day of heavy rainfall. *Wet bed*—pun on the double meaning of the word 'bed'. *Quagmire*—marshy, wet ground. *Khelwuts*—ceremonial presents. *Order*—A band of men admitted to an honourable society established by the King. *C.*—The Accountant attached to the Governor-General's party. (Page 90) *On speculation*—as a tentative measure to see whether it would be purchased or not.

QUESTIONS: (1) What was Sher Singh doing at the tents of the Governor-General and how did he act? (2) Mention what happened on each of the days that this visit lasted.

N.B.—Notice the familiar, conversational style of this letter. It is the type of all good letter-writing.

25. A Sack and a Half of Chitor

(Page 90) *S. 1331*—Samvat 1331, the Hindu era. *Repository*—store-house. *Remorseless barbarity*—pitiless cruelty. (Page 91) '*Of woes unnumbered*'—a quotation from the first two lines of Pope's translation of Homer's *Iliad* :

'Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, Heavenly Goddess, sing.'

Exaltation—elevation to the throne. *Rajwara*—Rajputana. *Faith*—fidelity to his word. *Ambush*—a surprise attack by men hidden for the purpose. *Tartar*—Capt. Tod incorrectly identifies the Pathans with Tartars. (Page 92) *Wherewithal*... *dishonour*—means to save her from dishonour, i.e., poison. *Female decorum*—the decency suitable to women. *Litter-porters*—palanquin-bearers. (Page 93) *Stormed*—taken by assault. *Stripling*—lad. (Page 94) *Gleaner*—one who follows the reaper and picks up the grain left behind. *Credit*—believe. *Granite*—a very hard stone capable of a high polish. (Page 95) *Satiated*—satisfied hunger. *Kirana*—regal crest; *Chhatra*—the umbrella of royalty; *Chamara*—the yak tail. *Tiara*—crown. *Congenial*—suited to their nature. *Gage*—challenge. (Page 96) *Immolated*—sacrificed. *Impervious*—impenetrable. *Augmented*—increased. *Devouring element*—fire. *Line*—direct descendants. (Page 97) *Superstition*—the simple belief of primitive people. *Vaunt*—boast. *Dilapidation*—the breaking down of buildings.

QUESTIONS: (1) Narrate the cause, course and consequence of the 'half sack' of Chitor. (2) Give the details of the final conquest of Chitor. (3) Sketch the character of Ala-ud-din. (4) Tell from your knowledge of Indian History what else is known of Ala-ud-din.

26. In Maharashtra

(Page 98) *Embattled crests*—the tops of the hills crowned with fortified walls, or embattlements. *Peerless King*—the unequalled monarch Shivaji.

QUESTION: Compare past, present and future 'in Maharashtra' as seen by the poet.

27. Lalla Rookh

(Page 99) *Lalla Rookh*—Tulip cheek. *Lineal*—in strict succession from father to son. *Chingiz*—better known as Zengis Khan, the founder of the Tartar Kings, and a great conqueror whose conquests stretched from China to the centre of European Russia. *Leila, Shirin, Dewildé*—Leila and Majnun are famed in Persian love poems: *Shirin*—means beautiful; and Dewildé is Dewaldebi whose charms were celebrated by the royal poet Amir Khusru. *Pageantry*—a grand and showy procession. (Page 100) *Insignia*—tokens. *Egret*—the small white heron so common in India. (Page 101) *Argus pheasant*—a beautiful bird with dark grey eyes on its wings. *Pencilling*—darkening with a fine brush dipped in *surma*, or collyrium. *Circassian*—the women from Circassia in Asia Minor were reputed to be most beautiful. *Conserve*—a sweetmeat. *Disinterested*—selfless, here used ironically. *The goldsmith...Jagannath*—‘The image of Jagannath has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stolen one of those eyes, being locked up all night with the idol;’—so says the French traveller Tavernier. (Page 102) *Pillow*—sleep. *Palankeen*—travel. These two words are by metonymy used for what they are employed to bring about. *Wamak and Ezra*—lovers of ancient days famed in Arabic poems. *Zal and Rodhaver*—the father and mother of the great Persian hero Rustam celebrated in Firdausi’s epic *The Shah Naméh*. *The White Demon*—Safed Div—this was one of Rustam’s seven great victories. (Page 103) *Move heavily*—pass in a wearisome manner. (Page 104) *Studied negligence*—carefully arranged so as to appear carelessly put on. *The spirit of martyrs*—as deeply in earnest in these matters as martyrs are in matters of religion. *The Alhambra*—a beautiful building in Spain erected by the Mohammedans during their rule in that land. *The Veiled Prophet of Khorasan*—His name was Hakim bin Haschem called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze which he always wore—because, he said, the heavenly light of his face was too blinding to be looked on directly. (Page 105) *Apples of Ishtakar*—so says the

Arabian writer Ebn Haukal. *Magisterially*—authoritatively. *Roshanara*—by her intrigues in the palace, and by sending him information she was of great help to Aurangzeb in his plots to secure the throne. (Page 106) *Gold-filigree work*—lacy work in gold or silver wire. *Inexorable*—deaf to prayers. (Page 107) *Irretrievably*—beyond hope of remedy. *Labyrinth*—entanglement of ways. *Clue*—guide to the way out; knowledge of the danger. (Page 108) *Feign*—pretend. *But too well*—so well as to be harmful. *Elysium's sphere*—heavenly regions. *Sees the waters fade away*—a reference to the mirage,—an appearance, due to refraction, of sheets of water that on approach disappear. *Melancholy defiance*—sad tones of resentment against Fate. (Page 109) *Conjectures*—guesses, suppositions. *Relic*—a remnant of former greatness. *Dark superstitious*—dreadful beliefs founded on ignorance. *Bigoted*—fanatical. (Page 110) *Tan Sen*—At Gwalior, there is a small tomb to the memory of Tan Sen, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstition prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice. *Chabuk*—the whip. (Page 111) *Maldivian boats*—The Maldivians annually launch a small boat loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of the wind and waves as an offering to the spirits of the winds. (Page 112) *Parterre*—a flower-bed. *Animated*—lively. (Page 113) *Shalimar*—the most beautiful of the gardens of Kashmir. *The Cerulean Throne of Gulbarga*—belonged to the kings of the Bahmani dynasty, made of ebony covered with plates of gold, partly enamelled, of a sky blue colour (hence called Firozah, or Cerulean); but this in time was entirely covered with precious stones.

QUESTIONS: (1) Narrate the story of Lalla Rookh as briefly as you can. (2) Sketch the character of Fadladin. (3) Describe the state of mind of Lalla Rookh when she perceived herself to be in love with Feramorz. (4) What idea have you formed of the Vale of Kashmir from this story?

28. The Vale of Cashmere

(Page 114) *Splendour*—brightness. (Page 115) *Hallows*—makes sacred. *The Isle of Chenars*—the *Chenar*, or plane-tree is the most stately of trees, rising to a great height and with a foliage of deeply indented leaves that are employed and copied in a hundred ways in all the wood-carving or embroidery for which Srinagar is famous. *Cupolas*—domes. *Aspen-trees*—these trees with broad leaves hanging on their long stalks tremble with the least breath of air. *Mountainous portal*—the Takt-i-Suleiman on the right, and Haii Parbat on the left form a sort of gateway on the two sides of the entrance to Dal Lake, the most beautiful of the Lakes of Kashmir. (Page 116) *Kathay*—China. *Uttered music*—An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients, having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed 'King' *i.e.*, musical instruments of them. This wonderful quality has been attributed also to the shores of Attica.

QUESTIONS: 'The metre of this poem is an anapaestic tetrameter varied by amphibrachs.'—What does this mean? Scan the four last lines, noting variations, if any.

29. The Iliad of India

(Page 116) *Colossal*—of enormous volume. (Page 117) *Cabinet samples*—bits of rock containing metals and kept in boxes as specimens of what may be extracted from the mines from which they have been brought. *Epitomized*—summarized. *Teeming*—prolific. *Genealogies*—lists of descendants, or ancestors. *Nursery tales*—stories related to little children. *Replaces patriotism*—*i.e.*, they have no love of country as such, but an intense attachment to the heroes and gods mentioned in these poems as once living in their midst. (Page 118) *Transcended*—exceeded. *Personified*—supposed to be persons. *Heid*—considered, believed. *Parvas*—cantos. *Stokas*—verses. *Rishis*—sages. *Gandharvas*—heavenly beings, analogous to angels.

Rakshasas—monstrous evil beings, living on earth in old times. (Page 119) *Central theme*—the main subject of the poem, viz., the struggle between the rival claimants to the throne of Hastinapura (Delhi). *Episodes*—minor incidents, only indirectly connected with the main plot. *Bhagavad Gita*—the song of the Lord—is a philosophic exposition of Hindu religious thought and is looked on by all Hindus as the most certain guide to holiness. *Interlude*—interruption, varying the central idea of a drama. *Lavish*—excessive, unrestrained. *To pale* *Iliad itself*—The Greek Epic, the Iliad of Homer, gives detailed descriptions of bloodshed and wounds, but these are not as blood-stained as in the Indian Epics, so that the former looks pale by contrast. *Yudhishtira*—the eldest of the five victorious Pandava brothers. *Pandavas*—their names were Yudhishtira, Bhima the strong, Arjuna the unequalled archer, Nakula and Sahadev, the handsome twins. Draupadi was the name of their common wife. *Dhritarashtra*—the old blind king of Hastinapura, whose abdication gave rise to the rival claims of the Pandavas and the Kauravas, their cousins. *Mount Meru*—somewhere among the Himalayan peaks.

QUESTIONS: (1) What part do the Mahabharata and the Ramayana play in Hindu social life? (2) What is the main theme of the Mahabharata? (3) What do you know of the Ramayana independently of what is here said?

30. The Entry into Heaven

(Page 120) *Janmejaya*—The Mahabharata is given in the form of a tale told to this later descendant of the Pandavas. *Vyasa*—One of the seven greatest *Rishis*—reputed author of the Mahabharata. *Duryodhana*—the leader of the Kauravas. *Sadhyas*—holy ones. *Sith*—an old English word meaning 'since'. (Page 121) *Dharma*—the Judge of Right Conduct, the same as Yama or Yamadharma, the presiding god of the realms of the dead. *Deva*—a minor deity. *Taking heed*—obeying the command. *Wended*—made their way: used only in poetry. *Gore*—blood. *Carriion stench*—the bad smell arising from rotting flesh. (Page 122) *Be'st overborne*—becomest overcome: unable to bear

more. *Karna*—a famous archer, ally of the Kauravas, at first believed to be of low birth. *Liege*—Lord to whom loyalty has been pledged. (Page 123) *Narak*—Hell. *Crew*—band of followers: except when used for the sailors of a ship the word is used with an implication of contempt. *Mahendra*—Maha Indra, the great god Indra. *Sakra*—called also, Mahendra. (Page 124) *Long-armed*—To this day in the U. P. (especially among Moslems) long arms are a sign of kingly destiny. Arnold is, however, probably wrong in transferring the epithet from Arjuna. *Tally true*—just account. *Swarga*—Heaven. *By a semblance*—Yudhishtira deceived his preceptor (*Guru*) Drona by saying that Ashwatthama was dead, this being the name of Drona's son. It was the name also of an elephant that had just been killed. *Assailed*—cleansed. (Page 125) *High-accosted*—addressed with such majesty. *High*—highly. *That river*—the Ganges.

QUESTIONS: (1) Why was Duryodhana in glory, while the Pandavas had to be given a taste of Hell? (2) Describe the 'Sinners' Road'.

31. French Successes in South India

(Page 125) *St. Peter's*—The most magnificent cathedral in Europe, the church at which the Pope presides in Rome. (Page 126) *Versailles*—the palace of the French monarchs. *Grand Duke of Tuscany*—One of the principal rulers in Italy before its unification in 1864. *Elector of Saxony*—similarly a powerful prince before the empire of Germany was formed in 1871. The title 'Elector' meant that he was one of those who could vote for the election of the 'Holy Roman Emperor'. *Pretensions*—claims. *Lieutenants*—delegates. (Page 127) *Shocks from without*—invasions of foreigners—see next para. *A Persian conqueror*—Nadir Shah. *Roe*—Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to Jahangir from James I. *Bernier*—a contemporary French traveller. *The Peacock Throne*—a wonder of jeweller's art, on which sat the Mogul Emperors at Delhi. *The Mountain of Light*—the Koh-i-Noor, now in the Crown of the Emperor of India. *The Afghan*—Ahmad Shah Abdali, defeated the forces of the

Marathas at the third battle of Panipat. *Mercenary soldiers*—Rohillas, an Afghan tribe now settled in Rohilkhand. (Page 128) *Blackmail*—money payment exacted by fear. (Page 129) *The house of Tamerlane*—the Mogul Emperors descended from Timur-i-lang. *Count of Flanders*—a feudal lord, vassal to the French King. *Duke of Burgundy*—a similar feudal lord. *Carolingians*—the weak-minded earlier kings of France, descended from Charlemagne, the great conqueror of all Western Europe. *Vassalage*—subordination. (Page 130) *Brahmaputra*—the river, the great confluent of the Ganges at its estuary. *Hydaspes*—the Jhelum. *Dupleix*—pronounced *Du-play*. *Invoices and bills of lading*—list of goods sent and despatched in ships. *Tactics*—method of conducting a battle. *Saxe*—Marshal of France. *Frederic the Great*—King of Prussia, one of the most successful generals of his time, and the founder of the greatness of Prussia. *Puppet*—a doll; one moved to act by another's will. (Page 131) *Analogies*—parallel cases. *Feudal system*—the system of land tenure by military service, prevalent in Europe from the 10th century. *Precedents*—appeal to previous decisions. *De facto*—as an admitted fact. *Venerable relic*—a remnant or reminder of former glory, worthy of respect but merely for the sake of the past. (Page 132) *Burke*—the greatest of English political philosophers, and master of a most dignified and powerful style. (Page 133) *Te Deum*—a hymn of thanksgiving. *Precedence*—priority of rank. (Page 134) *Emolument*—a reward, usually of money. *Potestate*—one in authority. *Arrogant ostentation*—proud display. *Pompous*—bombastic, boastfully worded. *Which is, being interpreted*—a phrase occasionally met in the Bible.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe the magnificence of the early Mogul Emperors. (2) Under what circumstances did Dupleix interfere in the affairs of Southern India? (3) What was the success that attended Dupleix's plans?

32. The Siege of Arcot

(Page 135) *The rival Company*—i.e., the French Company, competing against the East India Company.

Invested—besieged. *Colours*—national flag. *Fort St. George*—the citadel at Madras. *Led in triumph*—carried through the streets in a procession by the victorious French. (Page 136) *Factors*—employees of the E. I. Company. *Panic*—general fear. *Throw up works*—build fortifications. (Page 137) *Ramparts*—fortified walls. *Battlements*—breast-work on the ramparts. *Casualties*—those killed or wounded in action. (Page 138) *Book-keeper*—an accountant. *Marshal*—the highest military title. *Breach*—the break made in the walls of a fort by the artillery of the enemy. *Extraction*—race. *Tenth Legion of Cæsar*—the most trusted troops of Julius Cæsar. *The Old Guard of Napoleon*—the most famous and loyal of Napoleon's Cavalry. (Page 139) *Torpor*—sluggishness. *Spirit*—courage. *Storm*—take by assault. *Poltroons*—cowards. *Fatimites*—The Moslem party that after the death of the Prophet defended the claim of the descendants of Fatîma, his daughter, to be his successors. (Page 140) *Fanaticism*—bigoted zeal. *Told*—had its effect. (Page 141) *Onsets*—attacks. *Offensive operations*—action directed against the enemy. *Chest*—Military treasury. (Page 142) *Langour*—dullness. *Razed*—thrown down. *Malvolence*—ill-will. *Vaunting*—boastful. *Under a spell*—influenced by magic. *Demolition*—destruction. *Trophies*—emblems of victory. (Page 143) *Conjuncture*—point of time. (Page 144) *Capitulate*—surrender. *Sweepings of the galleys*—criminals used to be condemned to row as slaves in the galleys, and the worst of these were collected and sent to India to serve as soldiers.

QUESTIONS: (1) Why did Clive propose to capture Arcot? (2) Describe the first and second assaults on Arcot by the soldiers of Raja Sahib. (3) What was the effect of the siege of Arcot, on the reputation of the English and French? (4) Sketch the career of Dupleix in South India.

33. Soldiers of Ind

(Page 144) *Men of the Hills*—Gurkhas from the Himalayan Hills. *In bond*—by the tie. (Page 145) *Byre*—cattle-pen. *Bull-dogs of the East*—The English on

account of their tenacity of purpose have been compared to bull-dogs, in the West; as the Gurkhas have a similar tenacity they are here called the 'bull-dogs' of the East. *The Passes*—i.e., the Bolan and Khyber Passes into India from Afghanistan and Beluchistan. *Requiem*—prayer for the dead. *Sangared steep*—a sangar is a low wall of rocks set up along the face of a steep hill-side as a defence from behind which the enemy can be prevented from climbing the hill. The word is of Afghan origin. (Page 146) *For ignorance or knowledge*—The inhabitants of London include exceptionally wise as well as exceptionally ignorant men. *Engendered*—born, produced. *Nation circles Nation*—England like a mother has many nations under her fostering care.

QUESTIONS: (1) From what parts of India is the Indian army chiefly recruited? (2) What are the characteristics of these places and peoples?

34. Tiger Shooting on a Grand Scale

(Page 146) *Dead shot*—certain not to miss. (Page 147) *Pad elephants*—elephants not used for carrying men, and so without howdahs, and having a pad or mattress on their backs. *The despot of the day*—one who for that day was to be obeyed without question. *Writhing*—twisting along. (Page 148) *Test of nerve*—a trial of his ability to remain without getting nervous or excited and disturbed. (Page 149) *To use a nautical phrase not inappropriate*—the phrase 'came alongside' is used by sailors to describe a boat that comes to the side of the ship; here it is used to describe an elephant coming to the side of another big enough to be not unsuitably compared to a ship, although, of course, not near so large. *Blasé*—a French word meaning wanting in the power to take further interest in something to which one has grown accustomed. (Page 150) *Spoor*—foot mark, also known as 'pug' or pug mark. (Page 153) *Army six-shooter*—long revolver such as is used in the army, and capable of firing six shots.

QUESTION: Describe in detail how each of the three tigers were shot.

35. The Sufferings of the Carnatic

(Page 154) *Before you*—This speech was addressed by Burke to the House of Commons. (Page 155) *Confounding dispensations of Providence*—one of those arrangements of God which confuse the mind that tries to understand them. *Emulation*—spirit of rivalry. *Channels of acquisition*—sources of gain. *Private emolument*—the gain of private individuals. *The political system of Europe*—the European nations, or governments. (Page 156) *Mercenaries*—paid soldiers. *Treasonable on the part of the English*—because they subordinated the interests of England to a foreign nation, France. *Cabal*—an intriguing political clique. *Extirpate*—wipe out of existence. *On his part*—by Haidar Ali. *Courted*—persuasively asked for. *Amicable office*—friendly service. (Page 157) *Predestinated*—foredoomed. *The faith which holds the moral elements of the world together*—trust in the honour of each other is what enables men, as moral beings, to live in peace with one another. *Rudiments*—elements or means. (Page 158) *Menacing meteor*—threatening danger in the heavens; it here refers to the black storm-cloud to which Haidar's army is compared. *Private charity*—alms from private persons. *A people*—a whole race. *Creatures of sufferance*—poor people whose whole existence was suffering. (Page 159) *Glacis*—the sloping earthwork before a fort. *Unseating*—disgusting. *Humiliating to human nature*—a disgrace to all mankind that any of their number could be capable of such things. *Vicinage*—neighbourhood. *Above all exception*—beyond all objection. (Page 160) *Count*—hypocritical talk. *Sowing of dragon's teeth*—an allusion to the classic legend of Cadmus, and also of Jason, who on sowing the teeth of a dragon saw them spring out of the soil as armed men. *This is the...* *perpetual credit*—water is the source of national wealth to the people of the Carnatic, and they must always be able to get as much of this as they need. (Page 161) *Soured*—cleared out. *These are the.....as their own*—These are the memorials of kings worthy of the name because they attended to the welfare of their subjects, as

a father cares for children; and who after death left as a legacy this source of wealth to future generations as if they were their own descendants. *Insatiable benevolence*—a good will that was never to be satisfied by whatever good it was able to do. *Vivacious*—keen, active, lively. *Perpetuate themselves*—prolong their memory through all future generations. (Page 162) *Chasm*—abyss, gulf. *Celebrating these....and humanity*—fulfilling these duties of right and benevolence, as if they were performing some religious rites. *Corps of fictitious creditors*—band of people claiming to have advanced money to the Nabob without really having done anything of the sort. *The first creditor is the plough*—every state owes its well-being to its peasantry, and therefore they have the first right to be relieved in their distress.

QUESTIONS: (1) What was the treasonable plot of the local officials of the East India Company? (2) How did they provoke Haidar Ali, and with what result? (3) Describe the desolation of the Carnatic. (4) What circumstance made it difficult for the Carnatic to recover from its ruined condition?

PART III—REFLECTIVE

36. First Impressions of Tagore in Europe

(Page 163) *Made a record*—reached the highest point, so that it was worth recording. *Mr. Yeats*—a living Irish poet, known for his mystic poems. *Realization*—complete understanding. *Ratified*—confirmed. (Page 164) *Add to their stature*—a Biblical phrase, here used to mean 'add to their real worth'. *Transcendent*—surpassing. *Standing on the house-top*—another Biblical phrase, here meaning: declaring from a platform so high that he could be heard far and wide. The metaphor identifies the house-top with Yeats's enthusiasm. *Slightest provocation*—seizing the least of opportunities. *Gitanjali*—a Bengali word, meaning A Song-Offering, the title of Tagore's first poems published in English. *Odoriferous*—bad smelling. *Squirring*—wriggling, twisting about. *Respectability*—abstract for concrete; it means 'respectable people'.

Alcohol—strong drink, liquor. *Labour off-duty*—abstract for concrete, 'labouring people off work'. *Hang on to a strap*—in English tram-cars and buses, straps are placed down the centre hanging from the roof, so that when all seats are occupied, a few more find standing room, and hold on to the straps against the jolting of the car. *Radiation*—spreading influence. (Page 165) *Drabness*—dull sameness. *Physical environment*—bodily surroundings. *Aesthetic*—occupied with ideas of beauty. *Organically*—as a systematized whole. *Chronologically*—in the order of time, according to the dates on which they were composed. *Coherent view*—self-consistent opinions. 'Word'—used in the sense of the vernacular word 'bāt', i.e., saying in the sense of a message, or lesson. *Put on*—acquire, get. *Illuminating perspective*—an instructive view. (Page 166) *One life works through all degrees of life*—this expresses the prevalent pantheistic view in India, where all reality is identified with the world-spirit or *Paramātmā*. *Rhythmic measures*—with regular beats. 'When I bring...painted in tints'—here a child's love of bright colours is identified with the love of bright colours that the world-soul produces on clouds and flowers. 'Thy self-separation... in me'—Human beings are particles of the world-soul temporarily separated from Him. 'The hiding...thee and me'—'Me' the human being seeks 'Thee' the world-soul from which it has been cut off, and with which it seeks re-union all through life. (Page 167) *Impoverishment*—becoming poorer. *Renunciation*—voluntarily giving up pleasures and comforts. *Connotation*—implied meanings. *Herbert*—the poet, George Herbert (1593—1633) published his poems under the title 'The Temple', all descriptive of his spiritual yearnings after God. *Vaughan*—Henry Vaughan (1622—1695)—chief work, *Silex Scintillans*, largely religious in inspiration. *Crashaw*—Richard Crashaw (1613—1649)—expelled from Cambridge by the Puritans, went to France and Italy—wrote both secular and religious poems. 'A.E.'—George Russell, a contemporary Irish poet known for his short verses delicately suggestive. *L. Macbeth Bain*—a contemporary Irish poet. *Hierarchy of Song*—Body of Poets.

QUESTIONS :—(1) For what was Tagore most admired by Mr. Yeats? (2) What is the main thought underlying all that Tagore has written?

37. To Rabindranath Tagore

(Page 168) *1st stanza paraphrased*—I meant to make payment for your precious poetry by a prose dedication, in that customary, kind and polite manner hiding the fact that it was really impossible for any one to repay you adequately. *Two powers at feud*—two opposing tendencies, *viz.*, inadequate speech and silence that might be mistaken for ingratitude. *A sacramental hand*—a hand employed to give a sacredly symbolical meaning to what it dealt with.

QUESTION: What is the aim of the author in this 'dedication'?

38. An English Lady's Thoughts on India

(Page 168) *Abutting grandly*—forming a striking boundary. (Page 169) *Foil*—anything used merely to enhance the qualities of something else. *Whim*—passing fancy. *Stones of suffering*—stones marking sites of Satis. *Became flames*—*i.e.*, to her imagination. *Appealing hand*—the mark of a red hand on a stone, indicating that it commemorated a Sati, seemed pleading for her sympathy. *Serfdoms*—various types of slavery. (Page 170) *Mind*—Intelligent Ruler of the world. *Vicarious*—felt for the sake of another. *Arid*—dry, uninteresting. (Page 171) *Alden and Findlay*—characters in the novel 'An Indian Day'—Robin Alden was the lady's brother-in-law, and professor in a Missionary College; Findlay was a Missionary living among his converts. *See with their eyes*—understand their point of view. *Herd-morality*—manners and customs instinctively followed because adopted by the herd, *i.e.*, the social group to which we belong. *Ethics*—moral code. *W'a*—wound the feelings of others. *W'a*—missive and yielding. *Chair for visitors*—Vishnugram an Indian Raj or petty state that had become that it had only one chair in what had been

the palace and that was reserved for visitors. *Sensitive*—touchy, easily hurt. (Page 172) *Douglas*—the Principal of the Missionary College mentioned above. *Sycophancy*—flattery. *Prestige*—a high reputation. *Hamar*—a Civil Servant and the principal character in the novel. He had incurred the ill-will of the English by a judgment in favour of Indians accused of sedition. *Boor*—an ill-mannered person. *Touch with life*—contact with others so as to influence and be influenced by them.

QUESTIONS: (1) What are the Lady's thoughts at the sight of the Sati stones? (2) How does she regard the attentions paid to her by her gentlemen acquaintances? (3) Why do English wives drift apart from their husbands in India?

39. The Deserted Temple

(Page 173) *Streams His wine*—the inspirations of God flow on unchecked.

QUESTION: Why does the author consider this ruined temple as still a holy place?

40. Pir, Mullah and Priest

(Page 174) *Reasons already given*—these are not included in this extract, which deals strictly with the influence of religious leaders in the Punjab and not with its landlords. *Mediæval*—belonging to the middle ages, i.e., midway between ancient and modern days. *Parasite*—a creature living at the expense of another. *Quacks*—impostors. (Page 175) *Sands of superstition*—the unreliable basis of unreasonable belief. *Ethical*—moral. (Page 176) *Virtually*—practically. *Horoscope*—the diagram illustrating the stars that presided at one's birth, and on which one's destiny depends. *Inauspicious*—unlucky, ill-omened. *Granth Sahib*—The sacred book of the Sikhs is dignified with the title of Sahib usually applied to persons of rank. *Chaucer*—Geoffrey Chaucer (1340—1400) called the Morning Star of English Song. His poems have a strong appeal even to moderns because of their perfect characterization. *Canterbury Tales* is his most valued poem. The following extract and its translation

in modern English will give an idea why Chaucer is difficult to follow :

'A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok.'

That is:

On the morrow, when (that) day began to (spring) rise
Up rose our host and was the cock of all of us
And gathered us together, all in a flock.

Ministrants of religion—those who preside at religious ceremonies. (Page 177) *Hireling shepherds*—those who profess and preach religion for the profit that they derive from it. *The explosive modern world*—the ideas of civilized society of the present which is so suddenly destructive of old ideas and customs. *Individualism*—the tendency of disregarding all claims of tribe, caste, family, and living merely for one's own ends. *Materialism*—the opinion that there are no moral or spiritual claims on man. (Page 178) *Limitations*—defects, narrow outlook.

QUESTIONS: (1) Describe *piri-mureddi*, indicating its evils. (2) What is the benefit to village society of a good priest or mullah?

41. Buddha's First Sight of Pain

(Page 178) *Waxed*—increased. (Page 179) *Piloted*—guided. *Blue road*—the open sky. *Ruffled vans*—wings with disturbed feathers. *Winced*—shrank. (Page 180) *Abating*—lessening. *Pleasance*—usually a place for pleasure, here 'pleasant sights'. (Page 181) *Wooded*—persuaded. *Loam*—soil. *Laughed*—filled with the pleasant sound of. *Copper-smith*—the small green wood-peckers. *Pied fish-tiger*—the black and white kingfisher. *Egrets*—crested herons. (Page 182) *Looking deep*—considering more profoundly. *Swart*—dark-skinned. (Page 183) *Dhyana, first step of 'the path'*—the steps of the 'noble eight-fold path' of Buddhism are:—(1) *Yama-Niyama* or right thought; (2) *Asana* or right positions; (3) *Mudra* or purifying exercises; (4) *Pranayama* or rhythmic breathing; (5) *Pratyahara* or controlling the cerebro-spinal nerves; (6) *Dharma* or duty;

(7) *Dhyana* or concentration of mind, and (8) *Samadhi* or the bliss of isolation in the Divine. Arnold has here considered the seventh stage as the first, possibly because the earlier stages are mere preliminaries.

QUESTIONS: (1) Relate the story of the wounded swan. (2) Describe the beauty of an Indian day in spring. (3) What did Prince Siddhartha see on 'looking deep'? (4) What was the effect of his deeper thoughts?

42. The Problems of a Free India

(Page 183) *Mechanic*—artificial, and not a natural growth of the people's own ideals. *The philosophic inquirer*—one who searches for the causes of all happenings. (Page 184) *A Rolls Royce*—the most perfect and luxurious of all motor-cars. *Garron*—a hack horse. *Eclipse or Persimmon*—winners of the Derby, the most famous race for horses in England, and therefore examples of the finest horses procurable. *While there is life there is hope*—this proverb generally means that as long as a sick man remains alive there is hope of his recovery; here it is used in the sense that living creatures have the prospect of indefinite improvement. *Sub judice*—still under trial before a judge or court of law. (Page 185) *Political prognostication*—foretelling the future of governments. *Inept*—futile, inadequate. *Cross bridges before he comes to them*—a proverb meaning that it is of little use to set about solving problems before they become necessary. *Banter*—make fun of. *The robe of* (Page 186) *camel's hair*—the dress worn by some of the prophets mentioned in the Bible, as for instance, St. John the Baptist. *Turned loose the white horse*—performed the rite of *Ashwamedha* thus claiming sovereignty wherever it went. *Nodal point*—centre of the meeting or converging of lines and curves; here a place of meeting of points of common agreement. *Enclaves*—isolated and independent units enclosed within larger political systems. *A priori*—on general principles. *Centrifugal tendencies*—natural inclinations to drift apart from one another. (Page 187) *Panditji*—used by Mr. Carhill to mean the Brahmin element in Indian

politics. *Eagles*—military men. *Parrots*—talkative politicians. *Playing off*—weakening two hostile bodies by setting them one against the other. (Page 188) *The circumstances . . . well known*—These were the rise in the Sudan of the military power of the Mahdi. (Page 189) *The gods are athirst*—for human blood.

QUESTIONS: (1) What is the distinction between an organic and a mechanical government? (2) What stands in the way of an united India if she becomes altogether independent? (3) What is the difficulty presented by the future army in free India? (4) What is the nature of the problem presented by the Indian chiefs?
